

JUDGEMENT
and
MERCIE
for
afflicted Souls :
OR
Meditations, Soliloquies,
and Prayers.

By FR. QUARLES.



CAMBRIDGE:
Printed by R. Daniel for U. Q.
Ann. Dom. 1646.

3

1

b

t

R

m

t

f

c

t

c

t

c

t

c

t

c

t



Courteous Reader;

NOW when the theme of every mans discourse is his sad losses in these times, your Authour bids me tell you, that in these he had not the least share: for from him his very Religion was stolne away; nay, yet more cruell, even then when he had the most need of it; in the time of his sicknesse: I mean, this small Essay (the Epitome of his ejaculatory Ioul) was then taken from him by a slye hand, and presently printed without his knowledge; so that, as in like cases it alwayes happens, it came forth much unsuitable to the Authours mind, both in the form and matter of it: I therefore, though I cannot restore to him his

lost treasure, being now dead, yet in
this Edition have restored his treasure to
it self again, putting it out so as that
it now answers his own directions, and
reforms many mistakes of the former
Plagiary: so that now thou mayst fully
find him whom his sad widow hath
lost;

UR. QUARLES.



The

The Contents.

Meditation I.

The weary Mans
burthen pag. 1

His Rest 2

His Proofs 3

His Soliloquie 4

His Prayer 5

Meditat. II.

The sinners sentence 7

His Sanctuary, &c. 8

Meditat. III.

The poor mans want 13

His Supply, &c. 14

Medit. IIII.

The forgetfull Mans

Complaint 19

His Remembrancer

&c. 20

Medit. V.

The widows distresse

25

Her Relief, &c. 26

Med. VI.

The afflicted Mans

trouble 31

His deliverance, &c. 32

Med. VII.

The deserted mans mi-
sery 37

His Comfort, &c. 38

Med. VIII.

The humble mans de-
pression 43

His exaltation, &c. 44

Med. IX.

The sinners conflict 49

His conquest, &c. 50

Med. X.

Sions decay 55

Her defence, &c. 56

Med. XI.

The mourners cala-
mity 61

His consolation, &c. 62

Med. XII.

The Serpents subtiltie
67

His defeat, &c. 68

Med. XIII.

The sinners poverty 73

His Relief, &c. 74

Med.

The Contents.

Med. XIII.		<i>mifery</i>	97
<i>The faithfull Mans</i>		<i>His reward, &c.</i>	98
<i>fear</i>	79	Med. XVIII.	
<i>His crown, &c.</i>	80	<i>The finners account</i>	103
Med. XV.		<i>His Quietus est, &c.</i>	104
<i>The fearfull mans con-</i>		Med. XIX.	
<i>flit</i>	85	<i>The finners thirst</i>	109
<i>His Prize, &c.</i>	86	<i>His draught, &c.</i>	110
Med. XVI.		Med. XX.	
<i>The plague-affrighted</i>		<i>The good mans Di-</i>	
<i>mans danger</i>	91	<i>strust</i>	115
<i>His deliverance, &c.</i>	92	<i>His fatisfaction, &c.</i>	116
Med. XVII.			
<i>The persecuted mans</i>			





The weary mans Burthen.

MEDITAT. I.

GOd, who in himself is the fulnesse and perfection of all Glory, who needed no tongue to praise it, no pen to expresse it, no work to magnifie it, created a world for his own pleasure, turnisht it of his own goodnesse, made *Man* out of his own mere motion, appointed him his *Lieutenant* here upon earth, and as a *witnesse* and an *instrument* of his Glory, the sole end of his *Creation*. But *Man* grew proud, transgressed against his *first Commandment*, and fell, and by his *fall* destroyed his then unborn *posterity*: *Sinne* entred the world, and *death* by sinne, and I poore miserable *creature*, born in sinne, have turned his glory to dishonour, my due obedience to rebellion, and my happinesse into eternall *death*. How intolerable is the *Burthen* of this sinne! how insufferable is the weight of my offences! If I but think of *heaven*, it clogs my *contemplations*; If I but pray to heaven, it presses down my devotion: I have lost the *favour* of my God, I have frustrated the end of my *creation*, I have broke

the peace of my *conscience*, I have clipt the wings of my *faith*, I have dashed the comfort of my *hopes*: Good Angels have forsaken me, my conscience hath accused me, Gods *Prophets* have condemned me, and Hell gapes for me: What shall I do? Or whither shall I flie? Shall I seek to *Angels*? Alas, I have turned them away displeased: They will not hear me, or if they would they cannot help me. Shall I flie to my own *Conscience*? alas that will flie on me. Shall I trust to my own *Merits*? alas they are false *Lights*, and will light me to my own *Ruine*. Or shall I take the wings of the *Morning*, and flie to the utmost parts of the earth? alas, my sinnes will follow me, my sinnes will haunt me wheresoever I go; Poore miserable man that I am, who shall deliver me from this Burthen? Poore miserable man that I am, who shall release me from this Bondage? Is there no *Comfort* for a poor distressed *Soul*? Is there no ease for a poor disconsolate *Sinner*? Is there no *Balsome* for a wounded *Heart*? no *Refuge* for a guilty Penitent?

O My soul, why art thou so sad? and why is thy spirit so disquieted within thee? Put thy trust in God who hath said; *Come unto me all you that are heavy laden and I will give you rest*, Matth. 11. 28.

Jer. 6. 16.

Thus saith the Lord: Stand ye in the old wayes, and see and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls.

Isaiah 51. 11.

The redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Sion, and everlasting joy shall be upon their heads: They shall obtain gladnesse and joy; and sorrow and mourning shall flie away.

Matth. 11. 29.

Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall have rest unto your souls.

Hierom. in Epist.

Dost thou fear poverty? Christ calls the poor man blessed: Art thou afraid of labour? pains are the parents of a Crown. Art thou hungry? Faith fears no famine. God the Generalissimo of the world, with his Militia of Angels beholds thy Combate, and prepares for thy laborious victory a crown of everlasting rest.

Aug. de Virgin.

Sow thy heart with divers seeds, with fasting, prayer, reading, alms, that the end of thy labour may be the harvest of thy rest.

A 2

His

TRue, my soul, if thou shouldst onely cast an eye upon the *letter* of the Law, that letter would soon cast thee and condemn thee: or if thy onely object were the base *corruptions* of thy sinfull heart, there were sufficient cause to justifie that condemnation: or hadst thou nothing else to trust to but thine own *abilities*, thy case were too too miserable for expression: or shouldst thou seriously consider that glorious Majesty thou hast offended, there were no hopes for consolation. But, O my soul, there is a Gospel to mitigate the rigour of that *Letter*: There is a Chancery to moderate the severitie of that *Law*: There is a Saviour to mediate betwixt that God and thy *Offences*. Art thou in bondage? O my soul, here is *freedom*: Art thou dejected? here is *comfort*: Art thou pursued? here is a *Refuge*: Art thou overburdened? here is *rest*: Art thou condemned? here is a *pardon*. Appeal therefore from the Throne of *Justice* to the seat of *Mercy*: from the *justice* of *Jehovah* to the mercy of thy *Jesus*; deny thy self, and he will own thee, empty thy self & he will fill thee. Let not thy *Sinnes* affright thee, he hath satisfied: Let not *Hell* dismay thee, he hath suffered: Let not the *first* death trouble thee, he hath sweetened it: Let not the *second* death terrifie thee, he hath conquered it: Fear not to *come* to him, for he hath called thee: Fear not to *pray* to him, for he will hear thee.

O God, whose perfect glory needed not the help of *Man*, yet madest him for thy *Glory*, wherein consisted his eternall *Happinesse*; I a poore sonne of *Adam*, fallen by his *Sinne*, and wallowing in my own corruptions, lie prostrate here before the footstool of thy *Mercy-seat*, acknowledging my grievous *Sinnes*, and humbly begging *pardon* for my manifold *transgressions*. How infinite is thy *Mercy*, O God, that hast not spared thy onely Sonne, but made his precious *Bloud* a Ransome to redeem me from the jawes of *Death*! I have made my self a great *Delinquent*, and thou hast appointed *Him* my gracious *Advocate*: I have made my self a *Sinner*, and he hath given himself to be my *Saviour*: To thee therefore O my blessed *Jesus* whose *death* is my Deliverance I flie: Before thee (who art more mercifull, then I am miserable) I fall: Thy *Mercies* have invited me, thy *Merits* have emboldened me, to present my grones before thy gracious ears, and to lay my Burthen upon thy dying *Shoulders*: O *Lambe* of God which takest away the sinnes of the *world*, have mercy upon me: O *Lambe* of God that takest away the Burthen of my sinnes, have mercy upon me, and grant me thy *Rest*; O thou that tookest my flesh upon thee, grant me thy *Spirit*; Sanctifie my *thoughts*,

thoughts, Be mercifull to my *finnes*. Be gracious to my *Prayers*. Let the *Intercession* of thy merits restore me to the favour of my *God*. Let the freeness of thy mercy release me from the burthen of my *Conscience*. Wean me from my self. Direct me in thy *Wayes*: Be thou my *Rest*. Be thou my *Refuge*. Fix thou my wavering *faith*. Recall my wandring *Hopes*. Give thy *Angels* charge over me, whom I have so oft sent grieved away. Establish me with a free *Spirit*, and restore me to the joy of thy *Salvation*: Let that power that calls me, enable me to come, and let my coming be rewarded in thy *Promise*. Let thy *word* comfort me. Let thy *Truth* conduct me, and let thy *Spirit* counsell me, that being relieved by the bounty of thy *Grace*, released from the *Burthen* of my *finnes*, and redeemed by the virtue of thy *Bloud*, I may come to thee with the *Confidence* of a sonne, and be received of thee in the *Compassion* of a Father; and after this life of *Grace*, live with thee in thy kingdome of *Glory*.

The sinners sentence.

MEDITAT. 2.

O The miserable condition of *Man-kind* ! What loads of self-made *mifery* is fallen upon the sonnes of men ! Man that had once a power *not to fall*, hath not now the will to *stand*; and being fallen by his ambitious *will*, hath lost the power to *rise*. He was created *good*; but not content with such a goodnesse, grew covetous to increase it by the knowledge of that which (being known) deprived him of that goodnesse. *Evil* he desired to know; and not knowing the misery of that knowledge, by that knowledge became miserable. That God the sweetnesse of whose *presence* was the perfection of mans *felicity*, he rebelliously declined; And, being the *Favourite* of Heaven, made himself a *Firebrand* of hell, and I his miserable child, am made more miserable by my own *offences*. What *mercy* can I expect from this just God, whose *Justice* I have so oft offended ? What *Judgement* may I now suspect from that mercifull God, whose *Mercy* I have so oft abused ? Is not the practise of my life, *Sinne* ? Are not the wages of my sinne, *death* ? If one *sinne* destroyed a world of men, shall not a *world* of sinnes de-

stroy one Man? I that have not feared to provoke his *Justice*, am now afraid to think him *Just*: I that have sleighted his mercy, have now no warrant to hope him mercifull: He that made the eye, can he choose but see? He that sees all things, beholds he not my sinne? Can he behold my sinne and not punish? Can he punish, and I not confounded? What am I poore dust and ashes to stand before so great an *Enemy*? Did he not create me for his *service*, and shall not his hand destroy me for my *Rebellion*? What *Advocate* shall plead my cause? What *Sanctuary* shall secure me? Shall that *Blond* save me which I have spilt? Will that *Judge* quit me, which I have crucified? Shall I present my prayers to heaven? Alas my very prayers will return like *Thunderbolts* upon my head: Shall I lay my sinnes before the eye of heaven? Ah me! I dare not, least they draw down vengeance into my bosome.

BE not afraid, my soul, Gods mercy farre transcends thy misery. Chear up, where sinne abounds, there grace abounds much more. O now my soul depart in peace, for thine eyes shall see thy *salvation*. Open thine ears and hear what the spirit saith, *He that believeth in me shall never die.* John 11.16.

His

His Proofoes.

9

Rom. 1. 17.

The iust shall live by faith.

John 3. 16.

God so loved the world, that he gave his onely begotten Sonne, that whosoever believeth in him, shall not perish, but have everlasting life.

Acts 16. 31.

Believe on the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved, and thy household.

John 5. 24.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation: but is passed from death unto life.

Chrysoſt.

The faith of the true Catholick Religion, is the light of the soul, the gate of life, and the foundation of eternall happinesse.

Cassiod.

Man enjoyes all things in himself, that enjoyes himself; but he onely enjoyes himself that enjoyes his God; and he alone enjoyes his God, that believes in him.

August.

No greater treasure then the true Catholick faith: It gives to the blind, light; to the sick, health; to sinners, repentance; to the penitent, salvation.

His

BUt is thy misery, O my soul, greater then his mercie? 'Tis true, the practise of thy life is *Sinne*, but the practise of his Mercy is *pardon*: The wages of thy sinne is *death*; but the merits of his death is *life*: Art thou afraid to think the God of vengeance, *just*? and wilt thou mayst, if thou deny the God of Mercy to be *mercifull*: Old *Adam* hath runne thee in debt, and young *Adam* hath paid the *score*, and wilt thou not acknowledge it? O my distrustfull soul, darken not the Sun-shine of his power with the clouds of thy *Infidelity*: Eclipse not the illustrious body of his Mercy, with the interposition of thy *despair*. Think not thy great Creator is thine enemy, when thy gracious *Redeemer* is thy friend. Hast thou sinned against thy Creation? thou art absolved by thy *Redemption*. Art thou penitent for thy Rebellion? thy peace is made by thy *Redeemer*. But thou hast shed thy Saviours *Bloud*: Take comfort, that very blood which thou hast spilt, will save thee. But thou hast crucified the Lord of glory; the Lord of glory whom thou hast crucified, hath crucified thy finnes. Fear not then, my soul, to flie to such a *Friend*, whose arms are open to embrace thee, whose eyes are open to behold thee, whose lips are open to plead for thee, whose wounds are open to ease thy pains, whose ears are open to hear thy prayers.

His

O God, that madeſt all things to ſerve man, that man might the more chearfully ſerve thee; that gaveſt him power to continue in that perfect ſtate thou madeſt him, and a will to uſe that power to thy glory and his own comfort: I the unhappy ſonne of my unhappy parents, made more unhappy by mine own tranſgreſſions, do here in all humility and contrition, acknowledge my ſelf the miſerable ſubject of thy utter wrath. Lord, I have loſt the power to do what thou command-eſt, and am onely left to ſuffer what thy diſpleaſure ſhall lay upon me: But yet, O God, thy mercy is no leſſe infinite then thy juſtice, and farre more infinite then my finnes, and haſt promiſed life to all be-lievers. Give therefore duſt and aſhes leave, O Lord, to claim this gracious *Promiſe*, and what thou haſt commanded to be done, O give me power to do. Enter not into judgement with thy ſervant, O Lord, for in thy ſight ſhall no fleſh be juſtified: Look not upon thy ſervant, O God, but through the Bloud of thy *Sonne*; and let the me-rits of a Saviour, out-cry the demerits of a Sinner. Remember not what I a ſinner have done, but call to thy remembrance what he my Saviour hath ſuffered; O let his bloody ſweat anoint my bleeding wounds, and accept his
his

his *death* as the full wages of my offences. Lord I am sick, I flie to him as my *Physician*; I am a trespasser, I flie to him my *Advocate*; I am a suiter, I flie to him my *Mediator*; I am a Delinquent, I flie to him my *Sanctuary*; I am a Sinner, I flie to him my *Saviour*; Let the shamefulnesse of his *death* expiate the sinfulness of my life; and let the willingnesse of his *Obedience*, satisfie for the wilfulness of my Rebellion: Let my finnes, that cry louder then the finnes of *Cain*, be washt in his *bloud* which speaks better things then the bloud of *Abel*. Remember thy *Promises* to those that believe: Lord I believe, Lord help my unbelief: Quick-en my soul with *faith*: In flame my affections with *love*, and fill my mouth with *prayers*, that knowing him I may believe in him; and believing in him, I may love him; and loving him, I may praise him with *Hosanna's* here in the Church-militant, and *Hallelujahs* hereafter in the Church Triumphant.

The poore mans want.

MEDITAT. 3.

God that created all things for mans use, created man for his service, who by the accommodation of all the *Creatures* might be enabled the better to do service to his *Creatour*: But when the proud disloyaltie of man rebelled, the *Creature* that knew not how to serve man on such conditions, returned to his first *Creatour*, to be a new disposed of by him according to his pleasure. How dare I then presume to expect from his hands what I have disinherited my self of by my rebellion? Or how can I a dog claim any interest in the Childrens bread? How dare I a *sinner* intrude into the portion of the righteous? And if the righteous onely shall inherit the land, in what quarter lyes mine inheritance? If *blessings* be the proper dues of *sonnes*, what is due to me the greatest of all *sinners*? I am no Sonne, and therefore no *Heir*, that insomuch what I possesse I enjoy not by *right*, but *usurpation*. What have I that I can call mine own? Or wherein can my *title* prove a *right*? I am wretched for I am a *sinner*; I am *poore*, for I want the thing I have; I am *blind*, for I cannot see my wants; I am *naked*, for I cannot hide my shame

shame. I can challenge nothing but my sinne, my sorrow, my punishment, my shame: I can see nothing but that I am wretched, and poore, and blind, and naked: I can expect nothing but what I first must receive; I can receive nothing, but what must first be given: Nothing can be given but by *Prayer*; prayer hath no virtue but by *Faith*, and whatsoever is not of faith is *sinne*. How then shall I supply this *emptinesse*? By what means shall I relieve my *wants*? By what *Art* shall I clear this *blindnesse*? What clothes shall hide my *nakednesse*? If I pray for what I want, I fear I shall not want what I deserve: I am a *Prodigall*, and have spent my *talent*; I have divorced my presence from my angry *Father*; I am not worthy to be called his *sonne*. and he too worthy to be called my *Father*; I have forsaken my God, and his *blessings* have forsaken me; I that have banisht my self from my *fathers* bounteous table, am now marshalled among *swine*.

Return, return thee O my soul into thy fathers arms; Confesse thy wants, and his mercie will relieve thee, who saith, *Whatsoever ye shall ask my Father in my name, he shall give it unto you, John 16.23.*

1. John 5. 14. 15.

And this is the confidence we have in him; if we ask any thing according to his will, he heareth us; if we know he heareth us, whatsoever we ask, we know we have the petitions we desire of him.

John 14. 13.

Whatsoever ye ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Sonne; If ye ask any thing in my name, I will do it.

Matth. 7. 7.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and you shall find; knock & it shall be opened to you.

Psal. 21. 4.

He asked life of thee, and thou gavest it him, even length of dayes for ever and ever.

Isidor.

He that obeyes not the Law of God, obtains not the thing he desires of God; but if we faithfully perform what he commands, we shall doubtlesse receive what we desire.

Ambrose.

We have all things in Christ, and Christ is all things in us; If we are sick he is a Physician; if we fear death, he is life; if in darknesse, he is light; if in want, he is abundance; if hungry, he is food; if thirsty, he is drink; if miserable, he is mercie; if covetous of heaven, he is the way.

His

IF thy own Righteousnesse onely interest thee in heaven, or hadst thou no better title to the blessing of earth then from thy self, how vain were the merits of a *Saviour*, and how poore were the estate of a *Sinner*? But having no righteousness but in *him*, thou hast no interest in any blessing but by *him*. Art thou poore in estate, O my soul; find him and thou art *rich*. Art thou wretched? seek him, and thou hast happiness. Blinded with *error*? seek him, and thou art enlightened with *truth*. Naked? find him, and thou shalt be clothed with *robes*. Challenge nothing but thy *sin*, and thou shalt enjoy all things by thy *repentance*. Be sensible of thy *misery*, and thou art capable of his *mercy*. Hast thou wasted thy portion with the Prodigall? return to thy *Father*, like the Prodigall. Acknowledge thy own unworthinesse, and thy fathers *indulgence* will embrace thee. Let not the sense of thy own *wretchednesse* discourage thee, nor the fear of his *displeasure* dishearten thee: Can an earthly mother forget her *child*? and canst thou distrust the mercies of a heavenly Father? Go then my soul: Flie into his bosome by *contrition*, grone thy sorrows in his eare by penitent *confession*; He that hath called thee will accept thee; He that hath commanded thee to pray, will hear thy *Prayer*.

O God, that art the Creatour and giver of all good things, by which we are either made the more serviceable to thee, or the more inexcusable in neglecting thy service, I a poore off-cast among the sonnes of *Adam*, who like the *Prodigall* have mis-spent thy precious blessings, do hero return from *bushes* and *Harlots*, and the lewd *concupiscence* of my affections, to thee my gracious God, to thee O my offended *Father*; I have usurp'd thy favours, intruded into thy blessings, and like a *Dogge* devoured the childrens *bread*: O God, my wants are great; nay, what I have, I want, in wanting thee, that art all goodnesse, and *All* in *All*: But yet thy gracious promise hath invited me to call on thee in my necessities: Be it therefore, O God, according to thy *word*; Thy Word is *Truth*; Thy truth is everlasting: Lord, as thou hast made me sensible of my wants, so make me capable of thy relief. Remove my wretchednesse by thy Mercy; Relieve my *poverty* by thy all-sufficient Grace; Recover my *blindnesse* by thy Light; Cover my *nakednesse* with thy Robe; Be thou my *Portion*, O God, and let thy *Laws* be mine inheritance. Heare the *needy* when he calls upon thee, and help the *poore* that hath no helper. Thou art my hope, O God, thou art my trust even from my mothers wombe.

B

Make

Make me sufficient for thy Grace, and thy Grace shall be sufficient for me: Provoke in my soul a thirst after Righteousnesse, that I may take and drink the Cup of thy salvation. Teach me to ask according to thy pleasure, and grant my Requests according to thy promise. Strengthen my Faith in all my *Supplications*, and give me *Patience* to expect thy pleasure. What I possess, O God, let me enjoy in Thee, and *Thee* in it; Relieve my *necessities* according to thy will, and let thy pleasure limit my desires: In my *prosperitie* let me not forget thee, and in my Adversity let me not forsake thee: With *Jacobs* wealth, Lord give me *Jacobs* blessing: With *Lazarus* want, O give me *Lazarus* reward: Both in want and wealth give me a contented mind; both in prosperitie and adversitie, give me a thankful heart. Lord heare my prayer for thy mercy sake, for my miseries sake, for thy promise sake, for my Jesus sake, to whom be glory and praise for ever and ever.

The forgetfull mans Complaint.

MEDITAT. 4.

WE are Gods *husbandry*, our hearts are the *soil*; whereof some is more fruitfull, some more barren, and both unprofitable. His holy Word is the *seed*, which sometimes falls upon a *lean ground*, sometimes upon a *stony*, sometimes upon a *good ground*: The *cares* of the world are like *thorns* that spring up and choke it: *Persecutions*, like a sowltry summer, scorches it: The *lusts* of the flesh, like the fowls of the aire, which wait upon the *plough*, and licensed by the *Prince* of the aire devoure it: How many dis-advantages, O God, attend upon thy *Husbandry*? how many losses lessen thy *increase*? how many accidents make thy *soil* unfruitfull, and thy *Harvest* easie and unprofitable? To what purpose do I till my *land*? To what advantage do I stirre my *fallows*? I have no sooner sowed my willing ground, but the seed is stoln away. I bring into the *Sanctuarie* a prepared *heart*; I heare glad *tidings* with a chearfull care, and then repose them in a joyfull breast: But when I look into my hopefull *Magazine*, behold there's nothing there but *emptinesse* and *vanity*. The joyes

of what I gaind were swallowed with the grief of what I lost. No sooner had I set my portals open to let in the *King* of Glory; but lo, the slightnesse of my *entertainment* turn'd him out again. I hid my *Saviour* in the sepulchre of my soul, and they have taken away my *Lord*, and I know not where they have laid him. My Beloved withdrew himself, and is gone, and I have sought him, but I could not find him. O treacherous *Memory*, how hast thou betrayed my *rest*? how hast thou lost the balsome of thy Soul! How art thou heedlesse in preserving what my poore soul was so earnest in pursuing? How canst thou choose but feel the stroke of death, having thus lost the Word of *life*? What shall now comfort thee in thy *Affliction*, O what shall strengthen thee in thy *Temptation*? or what shall wind up the *plummetts* of thy soul in *Desperation*.

CHeare up, my soul, the *Pearl* which thou hast lost, is hidden in thy *field*, and time shall bring it forth; when sharp *Afflictions* shall plough up the fallows of thy heart, this Pearl shall then appear and comfort thee. Turn and read what the Spirit saith, *The holy Spirit shall bring to your remembrance what soever I have said unto you*, John 14. 26.

John 15. 26.

When the Comforter shall come, whom I will send from the Father, even the Spirit of truth which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testifie of me. 1. John 2. 27.

The anointing which ye have received of him abides in you, and ye need not that any man teach you, but as the same anointing teacheth you of all things, and is truth, and is no lie, and even as it hath taught you, ye shall abide in him.

Matth. 10. 19.

Take no thought, how, or what ye shall speak; for it shall be given you at the same houre what ye shall speak. Greg. in Moral.

After what manner works the holy Spirit in us? It instructs, it moves, it admonishes; it instructs the Reason, it moves the Will, it admonishes the Memory. Bede.

There is no dulnesse where the holy Spirit is Teacher, no forgetfulnesse where the holy Spirit is Remembrancer.

Greg.

The holy Spirit is an antidote against seven poysons; It is wisdom against folly, quicknesse of apprehension against dulnesse, faithfulness of memory against forgetfulness, fortitude against fear, knowledge against ignorance, pietie against profanenes, humility against pride.

THe strongest city (when force without and treachery within assails it) must yield; and canst thou expect, O my soul, to be impregnable? Hast thou the *Devil* and the *world* without thee, and so many Regiments of *lusts* within thee, yet thinkest thou to sustain no losse? Art thou so unexperienced in the Christian warre, to think thy *Magazine* safe upon so strong a siege? Thou storest thy heart with plenty of the bread of *life*, and canst thou hope to keep it from the ravenous hand of thy own *corruptions*. Thou sowest thy ground with liberall *seed*, and thinkest thou that the Fowls of the aire (being *Lucifers* own regiment) will not rob thee of a share? Thou fillest thy *Treasury* with summes of wealth, and canst thou hope the Troops within thee will not *plunder* thee? Vex not thy self my soul, what's taken from thee with too strong an arm, shall be no losse to thee; Consent not, but continue loyall, and thy *compulsions* shall never wrong thee; If thy domestick *Rebels* sequester thy whole estate, thy loyalty shall preserve thee. Chear thee, O then, my soul, the *Comforter* will come, and then thy *Faith* shall be repayed, thy *wrongs* shall be repaired; till then, thy *sufferings* shall be remembered, and then thy *Petitions* shall be regarded.

O God, without whose special blessing and successe, *Paul* plants in vain, and *Apello* waters to no purpose; that with the influence of thy holy *Spirit*, enrichest all those hearts from whom thy patience shall expect encrease; I, the worst piece of all thy Husbandry, do here acknowledge and confesse mine own barrenesse, as most unworthy of thy pains. Lord, thou hast often ploughed my heart with *trialls* and *afflictions*, manured it with the presence of thy heavenly *Grace*, and sowed it with thy pure *Seed*; yet such is the base condition of my unfruitfull heart, that either the *coldnesse* of the soil starves it, or the *cares* of the world choke it, or the malice of the Devil robs it, that it cannot bring forth encrease worthy of thy pains or expectation. Lord, I am thy *Husbandry*, continue thy carefull hand upon me, and supply my weaknesse with thy strength, and make me fruitfull for thy glory: And thou, O God, that hast given thy Word for a *Lamp* unto my feet, and a *light* unto my paths, so open mine eyes, that I may behold the frailty of my flesh; so clear my sight, that I may avoid the vanities of the *world*, and the snares of *Sathan*. Be thou my *Screen*, to preserve this Lamp: Be thou my *Lantern*, to protect

test this Light, that the corruptions of my *flesh* may not obscure it, that the vanities of the *world* may not eclipse it, that the suggestions of *Sathan* may not consume it: Unlock mine *eares*, that I may heare what thou commandest: Lock thou my *memory*, that I may retain what I heare: Enlarge my *heart*, that I may practice what I retain; and open thou my *lips*, that I may praise thee in my practice. Consider, O God, how I love thy *Precepts*, and quicken me according to thy loving kindnesse. Hide thy *Word* in my heart, that my wayes may be directed to keep thy *Statutes*. Remember thy word to thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope. Behold I am weak, be thou my *helper*: Behold I am comfortlesse, be thou my *Comforter*. Restrain his malice that steals thy word from out thy ground, that when the time cometh, thy *Harvest* may be fruitfull, and I thy *servant* being found faithfull may enter into my Masters joy, and be received into eternall Glory.

The widows distresse.

MEDITAT. 5.

SO vain, so momentary are the pleasures of this world; so transitory is the happinesse of mankind, that what with the *expectation* that goes before it, and the *cares* that go with it, and the *griefs* that follow it, we are not more unhappy in the wanting it, then miserable in the enjoying it: The greatest of all worldly joyes are but *bubbles* full of air, that break with the fulnesse of their own vanity, & but at best like *Jonahs* Gourd, which please us while they last, and vex us in the losse: *Past* and *future* happinesse are the miseries of the time *present*; and present happinesse is but the *passage* to approaching miserie; which being transitory, and meeting with a transitory *possessor*, perish in the very using; what was mine *yesterday* in the blessednesse of a full fruition, *to day* hath nothing left of it but a sad remembrance, it *was* mine: The more I call to mind the joyes I had, the more sensible I am of the misery I have. My *sunne* is set, my *glory* is darkned, and not one *starre* appears in the *Firmament* of my little world: He from whose loyns I came, is taken from me: He to whose bosome I returned, is taken from me: My Blessings in the one, my Comforts in the other,
are

are taken from me: And what is left to me but a poore third part of my self to bewail the losse of the other two. I that was owned by the tender name of a *Child*, am now known by the off-cast title of an *Orphan*; I that was respected by the honourable title of a *wife*, am now rejected by the despicable name of a *widow*: I that flourisht like a fruitfull *vine* upon the house top, am now neglected and trodden under foot; He that like a strong *wall* supported my tender *Branches*, is fallen, and left my *Clusters* to the spoil of ravenous *swine*: The *Spring-tides* of my Plenty are spent, and I am gravelled on the low *ebbes* of all wants: The *Sonnets* of my mirth, are turned to Elegies of mourning: My *Glory* is put out, and my honour grovels on the *dust*: I call to my *friends*, and they neglect me: I spread forth my hands, and there is none to help me: My beauty is departed from me, and all my joyes are swallowed up.

BUt stay my soul, plunge not too farre; shall not he take that gave? Cannot he that took, restore? The Lord is thy portion, who saith, *I will be an husband to the widow, and a Father to the fatherlesse*; Psal. 68. 5.

Exod. 22. 22, 23, 24.

Ye shall not afflict any widow, or fatherlesse child.

If thou afflict them in any wise, and they cry at all unto me, I will surely hear their cry.

And my wrath shall wax hot, and I will kill you with the sword, and your wives shall be widows, and your children fatherlesse.

Mal. 3. 5.

I will be a swift witnesse against those that oppresse the widow and the fatherlesse.

James 1. 27.

Pure Religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherlesse and widow in their affliction.

August.

God is all things to thee; Art thou hungry? he is bread: Art thou thirsty? He is water: Art thou in darknesse? He is light: Art thou naked? he is a robe of eternitie: Art thou a widow? he is thy husband: Art thou an Orphan? he is thy Father.

August.

Whatsoever is not God, is not desirable: Whatsoever may God bestow upon me, let him deprive me of, so as he leave himself: Let him take away his gift, so he give me the giver. .

HOW hath the *sunne-shine* of Truth discovered what appeared not by the *Candle-light* of Nature! How many *Atoms* in thy soul hath this *light* descried, which in thy naturall *Twilight* were not visible? Excessive sadnesse for so great a *losse* can want no Argument from *flesh* and *blood*, which Arguments can want no weight, if weighed in the partiall *balance* of Nature. A husband is thy self, *divided*: Thy children thy self, *multiplied*; for whom (when snatched away) God allows some *grains* to thy affections; but, when they exceed the allowance, they will not passe in heavens account but must be coin'd again. Couldst thou so often offend thy God without a tear; and cannot he, my soul, displease thee once without so many? Doth the want of spirituall *graces* not trouble thee, and shall a temporall losse so much torment thee? Is thy husband taken away, and art thou cast down? Hath thy God promised to be thy husband, and art thou not comforted? True symptoms of more flesh then spirit; Thy husband was the *gift*; thy God, the *giver*; and wilt thou more disprize the *giver* then the *gift*? Be wise, my soul, if thou hast lost a *man*, thou hast found a *God*; having therefore wet thy wings in natures *shower*, go and dry them in the God of Natures sun-shine.

Her

O God, in the knowledge of whom is the perfection of all joy, at whose right hand pleasures are evermore; that makest the Comforts of this life momentary, that we may not overprize them, and yet hast made them requisite, that we may not undervalue them; I a late sharer, in this worldly happinesse, but a sad witnessse of its vanity, do here addresse my self to thee the onely crown of all my joyes, in whom there is no variablenesse, nor shadow of change. Lord thou didst give me what my unthankfulnesse hath taken from me, but thou hast taken from me what thy goodnesse hath promised to supply: Thou hast given and thou hast taken, blessed be thy name for ever. Thou then O God, who art not lesse able to perform, then willing to promise, whose mercy is more ready to bestow, then my misery is to beg, strengthen my faith, that I may believe thy promise. Encourage my hopes, that I may expect thy performance. Quicken my affections, that I may love the Promiser. Be thou All in all to me, that am nothing at all without thee. Sweeten my misery with the sense of thy mercie, and lighten my darknesse with the sunne of thy glory. Seal in my heart the assurance of adoption, that I may vvith boldnesse call thee my Father. Sanctifie my actions with the Spirit of meeknesse, that my conversation may

may testifie that I am thy child. Wean my heart from worldly sorrow, lest I mourn like them that have no hope. Be thou my Bridegroom, and let our marriage Chamber be my heart. Own me as thy Bride, and purifie me with the odours of thy Spirit: Prevent me with thy blessings: Protect me by thy Grace: Preserve me for thy self: Prepare me for thy Kingdome. Be thou a Father, to blesse me: Be thou a husband to comfort me. In the midst of my want, be thou my plenty: In the depth of my mourning, be thou my mirth. Raise my glory from the dust, and then my dust shall shew forth thy praise: Be thou a wall to support my Vine, and let my branches twine about thee: Let them flourish in the sunne-shine of thy Grace, that they may bring forth fruit to the glory of thy Name.

The afflicted mans trouble.

MEDITAT. 6.

WHich way soever I turn mine eyes, I see nothing but spectacles of *mifery*, and emblemes of *mortality*; if I look up, there I behold an angry *God*, and I am troubled: Look downwards, there I see a prepared *hell*, and I am terrified. Look on my right hand, and there prosperity emboldens me to a secure *presumption*: Look on my left hand, and there adversity enforces me to a sad *despair*. Look about me, and there I find legions of *temptations* beleaguering me: Look within me, and there I see a guilty *conscience* accusing me; In all which, I perceive nothing but *mifery*, nothing but *man*, and in that misery, the *periphrase* of man. Man that is born of a woman, hath but a short time to live, and is full of trouble. Were not mans time short, man were the miserablest of all creatures, and I the miserablest of all men. I am still haunted with three Enemies, the *World*, the *Flesh*, and the *Devil*. The world troubles me with her *cares*: The flesh troubles me with *infirmities*: The Devil troubles me with *temptations*: If I am rich, I am troubled with *fears* to lose: If poore, I am troubled with *cares* to get: If single, troubled

to seek a wife: If married, troubled to please a wife: If I have children, every child is a new trouble: If childlesse; I am as much troubled for an heir: If sick, troubled with *distempers* and *drugs*; If sound, troubled with *lust* or *labour*: If in my businesse, troubled with *vexation*: If in my devotion, troubled with *distractiō*. Man that is born of a woman, hath but a short time, and is full of trouble. Where shall I turn me to avoid this *tail*? What steps shall I tread to escape this trouble? Shall I encline my heart to *mirth*? Mirth is but madnesse, therefore *trouble*. Shall I quicken my spirits with plenteous *wine*? In much wine is much distraction, therefore *trouble*. Or shall my wiser heart search out the bounds of *knowledge*? In much wisdome, is much grief; and who encreaseth knowledge, encreaseth trouble. Whom shall I call to aid? To whom shall I addresse my sad complaints? Call to my *kindred*, they disclaim me: Call to my *friends*, and they deride me; *O* that I had the wings of a Dove, that I may flie away and be at *rest*. But whether wouldst thou flie?

FLie from thy self, my soul, and haste thee to that voice that sayes, *Call upon me in the time of trouble, and I will hear thee.*

Psal. 91. 15.

He shall call upon me, and I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble, I will deliver him and honour him.

Psal. 54. 7.

He hath delivered me out of all my troubles, and mine eyes have seen their desire upon mine enemies.

2. Cor. 1: 4.

He comforteth us in all our tribulations, that we may be able to comfort them that are in any trouble, by the comfort whereby we our selves are comforted of God.

Psal. 81. 7.

Thou calledst to me in trouble, and I delivered thee, I answered thee in the secret place of thunder.

Greg.

It is the work and providence of Gods secret counsel, that the dayes of the Elect should be troubled in their pilgrimage. This present life is the way to our long home: God therefore in his secret wisdom afflicts our travel with continuall trouble lest the delight of our journey might take away the desire of our journeys end.

Bernard.

This life is replenisht with so many evils, that death is rather a remedy then a punishment; God therefore hath made it short, that seeing the troubles thereof cannot be removed from us, we may the sooner be removed from them.

C

His

BE wise, my soul, and what thou canst not remedy, endure. Doth the *world* trouble thee? Cling close to him that hath *overcome* the world: Doth the *flesh* trouble thee? *Mortifie* the flesh in thy members: Doth the *Devil* trouble thee? *Resist* the Devil, and he will flie from thee. Art thou troubled with cares in thy *abundance*? Be not too carefull for *to morrow*: Art thou troubled with wants in thy *Adversity*? Be contented with the Bread of *to day*. Doth *sicknesse* trouble thee? Make use of it, and submit. Doth strength of constitution trouble thee with concupiscence? *Fast and pray*. In thy *vocation* art thou troubled with vexation? Let those *vexations* wean thee from the world: Is thy devotion troubled with *distractions*? Let those distractions bring thee closer to thy God. Do losses trouble thee? Make *godlinesse* thy gain. Do Crosses trouble thee? Make the *Crosse* thy Meditation: Thus whilst thou strugglest against the *stream* of Nature, thou shalt be carried with a *gale* of Grace, and when thy strength shall fail thee, a stronger arm shall strengthen thee; He that brings thee on with courage, will fetch thee off with conquest: Do what thou canst, and pray for what thou canst not.

O God that art the searcher of all hearts, the Revenger of all iniquities, the comfort of all true penitents, whose wayes are inscrutable, whose judgements are intolerable, whose mercy is incomprehensible; I thy afflicted suppliant, sensible of thy displeasure, bewail the multitude of my offences, and am convinced by my own Conscience, and thy fatherly corrections; which way soever I look I see nothing but sinne and death, nothing but misery. But Lord, so infinite is thy mercy above my sinne, and so little pleasure takest thou in the destruction of a sinner, that thou hast commanded me to call upon thee in my trouble, and hast promised to hear me. In due obedience therefore to thy sweet command, and in firm confidence of thy gracious Promise, my bended knees, O God, present thee with a broken heart: Thy sacrifices, O God, are a contrite spirit; a broken heart, O Lord, thou wilt not despise. Lord, I am weak, strengthen me with thy Grace: Mine enemies are strong, weaken them with thy power: Suppress the cares of the world that so oppresse me: Subdue the exorbitances of the flesh that so molest me: Curb the insolencies of the Devil, that so afflict me: Endue my arm with power, and arm my heart with patience: Make haste, O God, to hear me, make speed, O Lord, to help me. Break

not thy Covenant with thy servant, O God,
nor alter what thy lips have uttered; Remem-
ber thy promise to the sonne of thy Hand-
maid, for it is my comfort in all my trouble; I
call to thee in the time of my distresse, deliver
me, O God, according to thy Word. Consi-
der O Lord, I am but dust, O magnifie thy
power in my weaknesse. Remember, O God,
that I have been long afflicted, O magnifie thy
mercy in my deliverance. For in death there is
no remembrance of thee, and in the Grave
what tongue can praise thee: My bones are vex-
ed, and my soul is troubled, but thou, O Lord,
how long? how long? Behold my griefs, for they
are great; Regard my troubles, for they are
many: Quicken my soul for thy Names sake,
and bring me out of all my troubles; then shall
my soul rejoyce in thy salvation, and magnifie
thy name for ever and ever.

The deserted mans misery.

MEDITAT. 7.

WHen I consider but the goodnesse of my God, in offering his gracious favours to me, and my own vilenesse in refusing of such gracious offers, I cannot choose but wonder at his mercy, in that I *live*, and am not snatcht away from the possibility of *repentance*. But ah! what comfort is a *life* that is branded with the *mark* of death? And what happinesse is this *possibility* of Repentance, which hath no strength to actuate it, but thy own. My soul, in what a case art thou? Into what a miserable state art thou reduced? Thou hast forsaken thy God, and I fear thy God hath forsaken thee. Me thinks I want the glory of that *Sunne* that once revived me: Me thinks I lack the Comfort of those *beams* that once refreshed me: Me thinks I fear, where no fear is; and where I most should fear, I find my self no whit afraid. Those heavenly *Raptures*, which heretofore surprized my ravished soul, have now no relish in my drowzie ear: Those heart-confounding *judgements*, whose very whispers in former times would split my soul in sunder, now move not if they thunder. Those sinnefull *thoughts* that prest my

soul like Millstones, can now be acted, and re-acted without a sigh. Those heavenly *Prophets*, whose presence filled me with delight, now trouble not my patience with their absence. My heart is a lump of *dead flesh*, my soul is stricken with a *dead palsey*, my affections with a *Lethargie*. My *zeal* is frozen, my *faith* is bed-ridden, my *charity* is dead, and my greatest *grief* is, that I cannot grieve. The *mark* of *Cain* is upon me, and I fear that every *beast* that meets me will devour me. O my soul, what *comfort* can remain with thee, when the God of comfort hath forsaken thee? What safety canst thou find, when thou hast lost the God of peace? What would I not forgo, that I might re-obtain my God! what pleasure would I not abjure, that I might regain his gracious pleasure.

CHeer up, my soul; who gives thee a *heart* to desire, will likewise give thee thy *heart's desire*; Let not his seeming absence dismay thee: The sense of his absence, is the *Symptome* of his presence: Let his Word be an *Antidote* for thy despair, which saith, *For a small moment have I forsaken, but with great mercies will I gather thee*, *Isaiah 54. 7.*

Deut. 4. 31.

The Lord thy God is a mercifull God; he will not forsake thee, neither destroy thee, nor forget the covenant of thy fathers, which he swore unto them.

2. Cor. 4. 9.

We are persecuted, but not forsaken.

Joshua 1. 5.

I will not fail thee nor forsake thee.

Nehemiah 9. 31.

For thy great name sake thou didst not utterly consume them nor forsake them, for thou art a gracious and a mercifull God.

Ambrose.

Let no man despair; Let none conscious of his old finnes make himself incapable of divine grace; For God knows how to change his sentence, if man endeavours to forsake his sinne.

Bernard.

When ever thou feelest the burthen of Temptation too heavy upon thee, call him that is thy helper, invoke thy keeper, and thy aid in all extremities; and say, Lord save us, for we perish: This keeper never sleeps nor slumbers, though for a time he seems as farre off, fear not, He will not leave thee nor forsake thee.

IF thy *breath*, O my soul, fail thee but a minute, thou dyest; If thy *health* forsake thee a while, thou languishest; If thy *sleep* leave thee, thou art distempered; No wonder if thy *God* withdraws, that thou art troubled: Deject not, O my soul, nor let thy thoughts despair. Stay thee with his *promises*, and comfort thee with his *mercies*. Dost thou mourn for him? Thou shalt be *comforted* in him: Dost thou thirst after him? Thou shalt be *filled* with him: He that suffers not a *cup* of cold water for his sake to go unrewarded, will not permit a *Tear* for his love to be unregarded. He withdraws to sharpen thy desire: He seems lost to enflame the seeker: He forsakes thee a while, that he may be thine for ever: Thou wantest him, because thou desirest him: Thou desirest him, because thou lovest him: Thou couldst not love him, had he not first loved thee; and whom he loves, he loves to the end. If thy neglect hath sent him from thee, let thy diligence draw him to thee: If thou hast lost him by thy sinnes, seek him by true repentance; and if thou find him by thy prayer, entertain him with thy thanksgiving.

O God, without the *sun-shine* of whose gracious eye, the creature sits in *darknesse*, and the shadow of *death*; whose presence is the very *life*, and true *delight* of those that love thee: Cast down thine eyes of pitie upon a lost sheep of *Israel*, which hath wandered from thy *Fold*, into the Desert of his own *lusts*: What dangers can I choose but meet, that have run my self out of thy protection? What Sanctuary can secure me, that have left the *Covert* of thy wings? What *comfort* can I expect, O God, that have forsaken thee the God of comfort and consolation? Return thee, O great *Shepherd* of my soul, and with thy *Crook* reduce me to thy *Fold*: Thou art my *way*, conduct me: Thou art my *light*, direct me: Thou art my *life*, quicken me: Disperse these *clouds* of sinnes that stand betwixt thy angry face, and my be-nighted soul. Remove that cursed *barre* which my *Rebellion* hath set betwixt thy deafned eare and my confused prayers; and let thy comfortable *beams* reflect upon me: Leave me not, O God, unto my self; O Lord, forsake me not too long: for in me dwells nothing but despaire, and the terrours of hell have taken hold of me. Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy holy Spirit from me. Remove
this

this heart of stone, and give me, O good God, a heart of flesh, that it may be capable of thy mercies and sensible of thy judgements: Plant in my heart a fear of thy name, and deliver my soul from carnall security: Order my affections according to thy will, that I may love what thou lovest, and hate what thou hatest: Kindle my zeal with a coal from thine Altar, and increase my faith by the assurance of thy love: O holy fire, that alwayes burnest and never goest out, kindle me. O sacred light that alwayes shinest and art never dark, illuminate me. O sweet Jesus, pierce the marrow of my soul with the shafts of thy love, that it may burn and melt, and languish with the onely desire of thee: Let it alwayes desire thee, and seek thee, and find thee, and sweetly rest in thee: Be thou in all my thoughtes, in all my words, in all my actions, that both my thoughts, my words, and my actions being sanctified by thee here, I may be glorified by thee hereafter.

The

The Humble Mans Depressiō.

MEDITAT. 8.

*

HOW more then happy are those sonnes
 of men, that measure no further ground
 then from the sacred *Font* unto their peace-
 full *Grave*! How blessed are those Infants,
 which never lived to taste those dear-bought
peny-worths of deceitfull earth? Alas, there
 is nothing here but bitter *Pills* of pleasure-
 guided grief: Here is nothing but sub-
 stantiall sorrows, clothed in the shades of
 false delight: Look where I list, there is
 nothing can appear before mine eye but sor-
 row, the lamentable object of my misery.
 Contemplate where I list, here is nothing
 can present before my thoughts but misery,
 the object of my mourning. My soul is a
 sparkle of *divine fire*, but quencht with
lust; an *Image* of my glorious Creatour,
 but blurr'd with *sinne*; a parcell of mortall
immortality, reserv'd for death. My under-
 standing is darkned with *errorr*; my judge-
 ment is perverted with *partiality*; my will
 is diverted with *sensuality*; my memory like
 a sieve, retains the *Bran*, and lets the *How-*
er passe; my *affections* are aguish to good,
 and feverish to evil: my *faith* wavers; my
hope

hope tyres; my *charity* freezes; my *thoughts* are *vain*, my *words* are idle, my *actions* sinfull: My *body* is a tabernacle of grief, an Hospitall of *diseases*, a tenement of *death*, a sepulchre of a sinfull *soul*: O my *soul*, how canst thou own thy self without *dejection*, that canst not view thy self without *corruption*? How art thou enclosed in walls of dust, tempered with a few tears; a lump of earth, quickned with a span of life. Thy life is short and evil, truly *miserable*, because evil; onely *happy*, because short: When thou endeavourest *good*, thy heart faints: When thou strugglest with *evil*, thy strength fails. For this my *soul* is humbled, and my *spirits* are deprest: For this I loath my self, and view my misery with *indignation*.

But chear up my *soul*, & let not thy *thoughts* be overprest. The *Ball* that is thrown against the ground, rebounds. Humility is the *Harbinger* of Grace: Art thou humbled? fear not: Dost thou fear? despair not: Dost thou despair? persist not: Heark what the God of truth hath said; *He that is humble shall be exalted*, Luke 14. 11.

Prov. 29. 23.

A mans pride shall bring him low, but honour shall uphold the humble in spirit.

1. Pet. 5. 6.

Humble your selves under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time.

Prov. 15. 33.

Before honour is humility.

Job 22. 29.

When men are cast down, then thou shalt say, There is lifting up, and God shall save the humble person.

Cassid.

By humility, the members of Christ know how to overcome the pride of the Devil. By this the faithfull command: By this tyranny is conquered: By this the Martyrs are crowned: Neither can there be a perfection of vertue, where there is a defect of humility.

August.

The Kingdome is glorious, the way to it lies low: Wilt thou desire thy journeys end, and yet refuse the way?

Ambr.

Humility, by not seeking, obtains what it contemns.

His

ALL virtues, as well *Theologicall* as *Morall*, are besieged with two vices; *Humility*, the fundamentall of all virtues is not exempted: Some puffed up with their own lowlinesse, grow proud, because humble, being high-minded by an *Antiperistisis*; this is spirituall pride. Others, taking too single a view of their own corruptions; and more sensible of the disease then of the *remedie*, are cast into despondency of mind; and this is called *dejection*; the first troths up into *presumption*; the second fetters down into a *despair*. How canst thou, O my soul, in this Tempest, escape this *Scylla*, or avoid that *Carybdis*? Dost thou fear the tossing *waves*? Contract thy *sayles*: Fearest thou the *Quick-sands*? use thy *Compassse*: He that stills the waves will assist thee; he that commands the Sea will advise thee: Look not onely on thy *Loadstone*, for then thou wilt not see thy *danger*: nor onely on thy misery, for then thou wilt not be sensible of thy *deliverance*. If thy *humility* puff thee up, thou art not fit for mercy. If *dejection* knock thee down, mercy is not fit for thee. Look up, O my soul, to Gods mercy, so as thou mayst be sensible of thy own *misery*; and so look down on thine own misery, as thou maist be *capable* of Gods mercy.

ETernall God, who scatterest the proud in the Imagination of their hearts, and givest Grace to the humble and contrite spirit, bow down thy gracious care to me vile dust and ashes, whose misery thus casts it self before thy mercy. Lord, I am ashamed of mine own corruptions, and utterly loath mine own condition: I am not an object for mine own eyes without disdain, nor a subject for mine own thoughts without contempt; yet am I bold to prostrate my vile self before thy glorious eyes, and to present my sinfull prayers before thy gracious eares. Lord, if thy mercy exceeded not my miserie, I could look for no compassion; and if thy grace transcended not my sinne, I could expect for nothing but confusion. O thou that madest me of nothing, renew me, that have made my self farre lesse then nothing: Revive those sparkles in my soul, which lust hath quencht: Cleanse thine image in me, which my sinne hath blurr'd: Enlighten my understanding with thy Truth: Rectifie my judgement with thy word: Direct my will with thy Spirit: Strengthen my memory to retain good things: Order my affections, that I may love thee above all things: Encrease my faith; Encourage my hope; Quicken my charity; Sweeten my

my thoughts with thy Grace ; Season my words with thy Spirit ; Sanctifie my actions with thy Wisdome : Subdue the Insolence of my rebellious flesh : Restrain the fury of my unbridled passions : Reform the frailty of my corrupted nature : Encline my heart to desire what is good, and blesse my endeavours that I may do what I desire : Give me a true knowledge of my self, and make me sensible of mine own infirmities. Let not the sense of those mercies which I enjoy , blot out of my remembrance those miseries which I deserve ; that I may be truly thankfull for the one , and humbly penitent for the other. In all my afflictions keep me from despaire, in all my deliverances preserve me from ingratitude, that being timely quickned with the sense of thy goodnesse , and truly humbled by the sight of mine own weaknesse , I may be here exalted by the vertue of thy grace , and hereafter advanced to the Kingdome of thy glory.

The sinners conflict.

MEDITAT. 9.

WHen *sinne* entred into the world, *death* followed. The Scripture tells me of two deaths, the first and the second, this *spirituall*, that *naturall*; the first a *separation* of the body and the soul, and is *temporall*; the second, a *separation* of the body and the soul from the favour of God, and is *eternal*; the first is terrible; the second, intolerable. If the first death so terrified the Lord of *life*, how terrible will the second be to me the child of death? If every trivial grief disturbs my thoughts; if every petty sicknesse distempers my body; if the very thought of death dismayes my soul, how horrible will *death* it self appear? O when the silver cord shall be dissolved, the golden Bowl demolisht, the *Pitcher* at the Fountain broke, the *Cistern* wheels stopt? how will the whole *universe* of my afflicted body be perplexed! Yet were I to endure for every man that hath been, is, and shall be, a death as oft repeated as the Sea shore hath sands; all this were nothing to a minutes torment of the *second* death. O treacherous and soul-destroying *sinne*, how hast thou thus betrayed me to *eternall* death, by thy false, momentary, and

D

deceit-

deceitfull *pleasures*? How hast thou bewitched me with flattering *smiles*, and with thy counterfeited delights thus *tickled* me to death! Thou hast not onely deprived me of a transitory *life*, but led me into the hideous jaws of an everlasting *death*: Thou hast not onely divorced my miserable soul from her beloved body, but separated both soul and body from the favours of my God, and left them to the insufferable torments of *eternity*. O my soul, can thy *life* be lesse then miserable, which being ended, is transported to so infinite a misery? How can thy *death* be lesse then terrible, which opens the Gates to such eternal torments! What wilt thou do? Or whither wilt thou *fly*? Thy *actions* cannot save thee, nor thy *flight* secure thee. *Death* is thy enemy, who taking advantage of thy *lusts*, hath strengthened it self through thy weaknesse.

Repair to thy colours, O my soul, the Lord of *life* is thy *Generall*, He hath foild thy enemy and disarmd him: Stand fast: He is conquered, if thou strive to conquer: Hark what thy *Generall* saith, *He that overcometh, shall not be hurt of the second death, Rev. 2.11.*

Rev. 2. 7.

To him that overcometh I will give to eat of the Tree of life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God.

Rev. 3. 21.

To him that overcometh I will grant to sit with me in my Throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his Throne.

Rev. 2. 17.

To him that overcometh I will give to eat of the hidden Manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth, saving he that receiveth it.

Greg. lib. 8. Moral.

The valour of a just man is to conquer the flesh, to contradict his own will, to quench the delights of this present life, to endure and love the miseries of this world, for the reward of a better; to contemn the flatteries of prosperity, and inwardly to overcome the fears of adversity.

Hieron. in Epist.

No labour is hard, no time is long, wherein the glory of eternity is the mark we levell at.

Savanar.

If there be no enemy, no fight; if no fight, no victory; if no victory, no crown.

Our life is a *warrefare*; and every Christian is two *Souldiers*. The Army consists of good and evil *motions*: These under the conduct of the *flesh*; Those under the command of the *spirit*: The two *Generals*, God, and the Devil: The *field* the heart: The word, on the one side, *Glory*; on the other side, *Pleasure*: The reward of both *Eternity*; on that side, of *Happinesse*; on this side of *Torment*: How is thy heart, O my soul, like *Rebecca's wombe*? How do two *Nations* strive within thee? Chear up; take courage in the *Reward* that is set before thee; So fight, that thou mayst conquer; so runne, that thou maist obtain: Let not the *policie* of the Enemy dismay thee; nor thy own *fewnesse* disanimate thee: Advance therefore, O my dull soul; fear not the fiery *darts* of Sathan, nor be afraid of his Arrow that flies by night: Presse towards the great *Reward*, and let thy Spirit resist to *Bloud*. Take courage from thy *Cause*, thou fightest for thy *Prince*, thy *God*, and takest up Arms against his Enemy, and thy rebellious *Lusts*: Is thy Enemy too potent? fear not: Art thou besieged? faint not: Art thou routed? flie not: Call aid, and thou shalt be strengthened: Petition, and thou shalt be relieved: Pray, and thou shalt be recruited.

O God, to whom belong the issues of death, at whose terrible Name the very Foundation of my soul trembles, I a poor convicted sinner accused by my own conscience, and ready to be condemned by thy justice, do here in the very wounding of my heart, confesse my self a miserable creature; I have nothing to plead, O God, but mercy, and where shall I find that mercy, but in my mercifull Redeemer? Blessed Redeemer, that hast promised victory to those that strive, & life to those that overcome; teach thou my hands to warre, and my fingers to fight: Give me a loyall heart, that the inticements of the world may not seduce it: Give me a constant spirit, that the pleasures of the flesh may not entice it: Give me a wise fore-cast, that the subtilty of the Devil may not entrap me: Let not the multitude of mine enemies discourage me, nor the greatnesse of their power dismay me, nor the weaknesse of my arm dishearten me. Thou that gavest little *Israel* victory against great *Pharaoh*, strengthen me: Thou that gavest little *David* the day against the great *Goliath*, succour me: Thou that gavest single *Sampson* conquest against the numerous Philistines, save me. Lord fight against them that fight against my soul: Arise, O God, and let thine enemies be confounded: Lord shield me from the fury of my own cor-
D 3
rptions,

ruptions for they are many : Deliver me from the imaginations of my own heart, for they are evil, and that continually: Let not the frailty of my youth beset me, and keep me from the danger of my secret sins: Double my watchfulness upon my *Dalslab*, that is so apt to kisse me, and betray me. Without thy grace I have no will to strive, no power to stand, no hope to conquer : Sustain me, that I may not faint: Second me, that I may not flie : Strengthen me, that I may not yield : Gird my loins with truth, and let my breast-plate be thy Righteousnesse; that putting on the *Helmet* of salvation, I may fight a good fight, and receive a Crown of glory; that having past the terrours of the first death, I may escape the torments of the second, and triumph with thee in the Kingdom of glory.

Sions Decay.

MEDITAT. IO.

DOest ask me, why so sad? Or can my sorrow be thy wonder? Canst thou, Or can thine eye expect a *Sun-shine* where the greater *Lamp* of heaven is eclips'd? or can my heart be frolick when the *Vineyard* of my soul is blasted? Can the *children* of the *Bride-chamber* choose but hang their heads, to see the *Bridegrooms* sleighted, and the *Brides* lovely cheeks profaned with every peasants hand: Can poore affrighted *Lambs* wanton, and frisk upon the pleasant plains, when as their worried Mothers tremble at the Quest of every *Curre*? What member can rejoyce, when as the body is dismembred? *Sion* the glory of heaven is darkned, and her bright beams obscured: *Sion* the *Vineyard* of our souls is blasted, and her *clusters* are grown sowre: *Sion*, the *Bride* of my Redeemer is defiled, her bloud-washt *Robes* are soild and flubbered: *Sion*, the *Mistresse* of our Flocks is overpowred, & her tender *Lambs* have no protection: *Sion*, the *Mother* of us all, is barren, and her uberous breasts are dry: *Sion*, the glorious Corporation of the *Elect* is factious in it self, and her *Members* are disjoynted. Ah how can my distressed soul find rest,

D 4

when

when *Sion* the rest of my distressed soul is oppressed. How many of her dearest children are now tugging at the slavish oar of *Infidels*? How many, roaring under the imperious hand of the daughter of *Babylon*? How many banished from their native soyls, and driven from their usurped possessions. This Vine which heavens right hand hath planted, is decayed: her Fences broken; her hedge trodden down; her body torn by *Schismatics*; cankered with *Hereticks*, blasted with *fiery spirits*; her branches rent with the wilde *Bore*; her Grapes devoured with the wily *Fox*; her Shepherds are turned Wolves, and have devoured her Flocks: Confusion is within her walls, and desolation is near unto her gates: O *Jerusalem*, if I forget to inourn for thee, let my right hand forget her cunning; and if I prize not thee above my greatest joy, let my tongue cleave to my roof.

But heark, I hear a heavenly voice whispering glad tidings in my ear, which saith *I the Lord do keep it, and will water it, Isaiah* 27. 3.

Pfal. 68. 35.

The Lord will save Sion, and will build the cities of Judah, that they may dwell there, and have it in possession.

Pfal. 87. 5.

Of Sion it shall be said, This and that man was born in her, and the highest himself shall establish her.

Isa. 14. 30.

The Lord hath founded Sion, and the power of his people shall trust in it.

Isa. 12. 6.

Cry out, and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion, for great is the holy One of Israel in the midst of thee.

Orig. Hom. 10. in divers.

O holy Lord, how happy are they that trust in thee! It is a most certain truth, that thou lovest all those that love thee, and never forsakest those that trust in thee. For behold, thy Love sought thee and undoubtedly found thee: She trusted in thee, and she is not forsaken of thee, but hath obtained more by thee, then she expected from thee.

Bernard.

He will give his Angels charge over thee. O what reverence, what love, what confidence deserveth so sweet a saying? For their presence, reverence; for their good will, love; for their tuition, confidence.

Her

WHo is not interested in the miseries of *Sion*? What sadnesse may not be justified in her calamity? O my soul, thou maist here spend thy self in holy passion, and dissolve thy self in tears: But yet be wisely sad; let not thy tears exceed thy confidence, nor let thy grief exclude thy *hope*: Mourn not for the *Bride* as if the *Bridegroom* were not; or being, had no *power*; or having *power*, wanted *will*; or having *will*, were like thy self *forgetfull*: No, no, my soul, he that suffers her to suffer, will sustain her in her sufferance, and crown her sufferings: When she is persecuted, she prospers; when she is oppress'd, she flourisheth; in her contempt, she gains honour; in her wounds, victories; in her reproch, *credit*; in her patience, a *Crown*; and with her crown of thorns, a *crown of glory*: Can she be more like her *Bridegroom* then in affliction? Can she more resemble her husband then in persecution? Remember, O my soul, she is a plant of his right hands planting, and who can pluck it up? Fear not, this *Vine* must prosper in spite of opposition: Yet know, my soul, thou shalt not prosper, nor see good dayes; unlesse thou wish prosperity to *Jerusalem*, and pray for *Peace* in *Sion*.

O God, that art the beauty of Sion, and the glory of thy Jerusalem, and the joy of thine elect, behold the mangled body of thy distressed Church. Relieve the miseries of her distempered members : She is our *Lamp*, illuminate her with thy glory : She is thy *Vine*, O fructifie her with thy grace : She is thy *Bride*, embrace her in thy love : She is thy *Flock*, protect her by thy power : She is our *Body*, rectifie her with thy health : We are her *members*, sanctifie us with thy righteousness. Let not the malice of Sathan discourage her : Let not the counsels of the wicked disturb her : Let not the gates of hell prevail against her. Give her verity in her doctrine, unity in her self, uniformity in her discipline, universality in her progresse : Repair her broken Fences, and weaken the power of the wild Bore : Bless all such as love her ; and as for her enemies, either convert them in thy mercy, or confound them in thy justice. Let her appear to be thy daughter, and let the Kings daughter be all glorious within. Let her be known to be thy Ark, and let Dagon fall down before her. Purge her from error, heresie, ignorance, and superstition; and being purged, O take thou pleasure in her beauty : Behold her Branches which suffer for thy name, and give them deliverance or patience.

ence. Let no weapon that is formed against thy Church prosper, and let all tongues that speak against her be confounded. Let her gates be alwayes open, and glorifie the house of thy glory. Let thy hand be upon the man of thy right hand, that he may guard this Plant which thy right hand hath planted. Give thy justice to the King, and thy righteousness to the Kings sonne: Season thy Seminaries with thy truth; and blesse the house of *Levi*, and blesse the house of *Aaron*. Turn thy countenance to thy first love, the Jews, and take not thy Candlestick from thy chosen, the Gentiles; that having one Shepherd, we may be one Flock; and having one faith, we may be one Church; and having one heart to please thee, we may have one voice to praise thee here militant in the Kingdome of Grace, and hereafter triumphant in the Kingdome of Glory.

The

The Mourner's Calamity.

MEDITAT. II.

FOR Stoicisme to rejoyce at *Funerals*, and lament at *Births* of men, is more absonant to *Nature* then to Reason. Too self-indulgent *Nature* would preserve her self on any terms; but well-instructed *Reason* holds a *Being* but an ill penny-worth purchased on condition of so long a *misery*. Who knows himself a *Man*, needs seek no further for a cause to mourn: For what is man but a Sampler of *weaknesse*, the spoil of *time*, the May-game of *Fortune*, the image of *Inconstancy*, the balance of *Calamity*, and what besides, but *Phlegme* and *Choler*? His *Birth* is a painfull coming into the world: His *life* a sinfull continuance in the world: His *death* a dreadfull going out of the world. His *Birth* brings him into the shop of sinne: his *Childhood* binds him *Apprentice* to sinne; his *youth* makes him *free* in sinne; his *full age* trades in sinne; his *old age* breaks him; his *last sicknesse* arrests him, and death casts him into prison. The *pleasure* he takes is to displease his God; his *businessse* is to disturb his Neighbour; his study is to destroy himself: his best labour is but *vainity*; and the fruits

fruits of that labour is *vexation of spirit*; his mirth is a *short madnesse*; his sorrow a long *torment*; his recreation is a *formall Antick*; his devotion an *antick formality*; his course of life is a *Quotidian Ague*, whose cold fits are *sloth and charity*, whose hot fits are *wrath and concupiscence*; his *pleasures* are but *airie shadows* to beguile him; his *honours* are but *frothy pleasures* to betray him; his *profit* is but *golden fetters* to beslave him; the effect whereof is *sinne*, the end whereof is *death*. In brief, he that would learn to be a *Mourner*, let him remember that he is a *Man*. O my soul, is this the pleasure that this world promises? Is this that happinesse that this great promiser affords? Had man no hopes of greater happinesse then earth can give, how more unhappy were he then a beast! What happinesse can counterpoize his sorrow? What mirth can countervail his misery? What comfort is there in this *House of Mourning*? Where then shall I repose my trust? On whom shall my trust hopes rely?

Darest thou believe the word of truth? Heark what the word of *Truth* hath said; *Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted*, *Matth. 5. 4.*

Psal. 119. 50.

This is my comfort in my affliction, for thy word hath quickned me.

Isai. 61. 2.

Proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance to comfort all that mourn.

Jer. 31. 13.

I will turn their mourning into joy, and will comfort them, and make them rejoyce from their sorrow.

Psal. 71. 20, 21.

Thou which hast shewed me great and sore troubles, shalt quicken me again, and shalt bring me up again from the depths of the earth; Thou shalt encrease my greatnesse, and comfort me on every side.

Aug. Soliloq. cap. 22.

There was a great dark cloud of calamity before mine eyes so that I could not see the Sun of Justice, and the light of Truth: But Lord, thou art my God, who hast led me from darknesse and the shadow of death; hast called me into this glorious light, and behold, I see.

Kemp. lib. 3. cap. 50.

There is none under heaven that can comfort me, but thou my Lord God, the heavenly Physician of souls, that strikest and healest, bringest into hell and drawest out again.

Misery is the badge of *mortality*, and mortality the *lot* of man: He that views himself impartially, needs seek no subject for a tear; yet, O my soul, hadst thou not seen thine own *mifery*, how more miserable hadst thou been! Hadst thou been hoodwinkt to thy *corruptions*, hadst thou been blind to thine *Infirmities*, had thy filth been painted over with *vanity*, how had the way to thy redresse been blockt up! How hadst thou stumbled at thy *self*, and fallen at thine own *destruction*! O my soul, it is a great part of *safety* to see a danger; a good step towards *health*, to discover the disease; a fair progresse towards *happinesse*, to behold thine own misery: But *evils* discovered and no more, grow sharper by the discovery: He onely uses a foreseen *danger*, that endeavours to avoid it: He profits by a discovered *disease* that labours to amend it: He takes benefit by previfed misery, that strives to eschew it. Being fairly warn'd, my soul, be thou as strongly arm'd: Doeſt thou plead *weaknesse*? be courageous, and thou shalt be victorious: Does *ſadnesse* cool thy courage? be patient, and thou shalt be comforted: remember thou art militant: Doeſt thou find thy self timorous? strengthen thy self with resolution: Doeſt thou find thy self spent? fortifie thy self by Prayer.

O God that hearest the sighing of a contrite heart, and bottlest up the tears of a repentant eye, bow down thy gracious ear and hear the torments of a grieved breast: Look on my tears, and reade in them what my closed lips are even ashamed to utter. Thou mad'st me free, but I have lost my freedome by my rebellion: Thou mad'st me like thy self, but I have blurr'd thine Image by my sinne: Thou mad'st me clean and holy, but I have wallowed in the mire of my own corruptions: Thou mad'st me for thy glory, but I have lived to thy dishonour: Thou mad'st me a Man, but I have made my self a worm and no man. Lord I see the misery of my own condition, and without thy mercy I am worse then nothing. But thou art gracious, and of great compassion, and thy Truth endures from generation to generation. Lord, thou hast promised joy to those that grieve, and comfort to them that mourn: In full assurance of thy gracious promise, upon my benided knees, I humbly sue for thy seasonable performance: Strengthen me, that I may endure this nights sorrow, and let the joy of thy good Spirit chear me in the morning: Let me not grieve like those that go into the pit, nor let my mourning be like theirs that have no hope: Let not the vain comforts of the world please me, nor the dead pleasures

of the earth rejoyce me : Make me a willing Prisoner to my grief, untill thou please to shew thy self the God of consolation. Sanctifie my sorrows to me, and direct my mourning to the right object. Open the floud-gates of mine eyes, that I may weep bitterly for my offences: Dissolve my head into a tide of tears, that thou maist wash away the filth of my corruptions: Let nothing stop the current but the assurance of thy love ; and let my furrowed cheeks be dried in the sun-shine of thy favour. Accept, O God, of this wet sacrifice of tears, and let my groaning be a peace-offering for my trespasses. Look at thy right hand, and for his sake that sits there, grant these my petitions, firmly grounded on thy promise and his merits, that my sad soul being relieved by thy mercy, may receive endlesse comfort, and thy Name eternall Glory.

Ths

The serpents subtilty.

MEDITAT. 12.

WHat miserable dignity belongs unto the honourable name of *man*! What sad Prerogatives pertain to that unhappy Generation of *Mankind*! Ah, what is man but a polluted lump of *living clay*, a little heap of self corrupted *earth*? created to *happinesse*, born to *sorrow*: And what is *Mankind*, but a transitory succession of *Misery*, on whom *Mortality* is generally entailed from generation to generation? Each particular man is the short and sad story of *Mankind*, written by his own dear experience, in a more favourable style, wherein every one is naturally inclined to spare himself, and hide his nakednesse among the *shades*; where, being lost, he seeks himself unfound, or finds himself unknown, or knows himself most miserable: The Devil appeared not as a *Lyon*; strength could not constrain an upright soul: He appeared not as a *Dragon*; fear could not compell a dauntlesse spirit: But he appeared a *Serpent*, to insinuate and creep into the bosome of his soft affections: How often is this story acted by nee the miserablest of *Adams* sonnes. Behold how the forbidden Tree of vain delights stands laden with her

pleasant *fruits*: See how the *Serpent* twists and winds, and tempts the weaker *vessell* of my body, which having yielded, tastes and tempts my better part! Which done, what nakednesse, what shame presents before my guilty eyes? What slight excuses, (patcht like leaves together) I frame to hide my nakednesse, my shame? And when the *voice* of my crying conscience calls me in the *cool* of my lusts; O how I start, and tremble, and seek for *covert* among the trees; where being found at last, and question'd, my soul accuses the infirmity of my body; my body accuses that serpentine temptation; so that all three being partners in *sinne*, are sad partakers of the *punishment*. Thus every minute, O my soul, art thou surprized: Thus every moment doth this twisting *serpent* tempt and overcome thy frailty: Thus every minute are eternall deaths still multiplyed upon thee. What hopes hast thou in thy collapsed estate to overcome that *Serpent*, which *Adam* in his perfection did not conquer?

CHear up, my soul, there is a *Champion* found shall curb this *Serpents* power, and heaven hath spoke it, *The seed of the woman shall break the Serpents head*, Gen. 3.15.

Rom. 16. 20.

And the God of Peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly.

1. John 3. 8.

For this purpose the Sonne of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the Devil.

Rev. 17. 14.

He shall make warre with the Lambe, and the Lambe shall overcome him.

Ephes. 6. 16.

Above all things take the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench the fiery darts of Satan.

Chrysost. super Matth.

He forced him not; he touched him not; onely said, Cast thy self down; that we may know, whosoever obeyeth the Devil, casteth himself down: for the Devil may suggest, compell he cannot.

Bern. in Serm.

It is the Devils part to suggest; Ours, not to consent. As oft as we resist him, so oft we overcome him; so often as we overcome him, so often we bring joy to the Angels, and glory to God; who proposeth us, that we may contend; and assisteth us, that we may conquer.

MAN by the power of the transcendent *Good*, was created *good*, with a power to continue *good*: Man through disobedience lost this power, and that arbitrary *goodnesse* is turned to necessary *evil*: The whole *Masse* is corrupted, & lies in the same condition it made it self; but *God* out of an unsearchable love to his *Creature*, out of his infinite wilddome (not violating his Justice) found a way to exercise his *mercy*, drawing what handfulls he pleased (not for the dignity of the matter) out of this *lump*, the rest he left to it self: As it had been no *injustice* in God to leave the whole in the perdition it had cast it self; so, it was an inscrutable mercy to draw out some part out of that self-made *perdition*. This *Redemption*, O my soul, was a *Legacie* given at the death of thy *Redeemer*; and thy businesse is to search the *Will*, and in it thy *interest*: But where is that *Will*? Search the *Scriptures*: But how shall it appear by searching? By the *fruit* thou shalt know the *Tree*: Examine thy heart; Dost thou find there a love to God for his own sake, and a love to thy neighbour for Gods sake? and to both for obedience sake? Go thy wayes, thou art in the *will*; and the *seed* of the woman hath broke the Serpents head.

O God, that didst create mankinde for the glory of thy holy Name, and redeemedst Man, being lost, with the blood of thy onely Sonne; and hast preserved him by thy free mercy, and continuall providence: I a poor sonne of miserable *Adam*, do here acknowledge my self unworthy of the least of all thy mercies: Lord what am I that thou shouldst look upon me? and what is the sonne of thy handmaid, that thou shouldst think upon him? I know the best of all my actions are unclean, and these my very prayers are abomination in thy sight: My thoughts, my words, nay the whole course of my life is sinne, and there is nothing in me which deserves not death: Yet, Lord, even for the altars sake on which I offer up this sinfull sacrifice, loath not the prayers of my polluted lips, nor stop thy ears against my sad complaints; Lord, I am as vile as sinne can make me, and deserve what curse thy wrath can lay upon me; I brought corruption from the wombe & suckt rebellion from the very breast; My life is nothing but a Trade of sinne, wherein I hourly heap unto my self wrath against the day of wrath; that in so much wert thou not more mercifull then I am or can be to my self, I had been now roaring under thy justice, that am here begging for thy mercy: Lord I am nothing but infirmity, and daily wallow in

my own corruptions: That old serpent continually besieges me, and the feebleness of my old man cannot resist him. Arise, O God, and crush thy enemy and mine, whose fury through my confusion aims at thy dishonour. Let the seed of the woman quicken in my soul, and strengthen my weakness to encounter with temptation: Let it, O let it break the Serpents head, that I may conquer for the time to come, and give thou me a broken heart, that I may grieve for the time past; give me water from the spring of life, that it may quench the fiery darts of death: Strengthen the new man in me, and let the power of the old man languish daily, that being confident in thy promise, I may be sensible of thy performance; and being freed by thy power, I may be filled with thy praise, and glorifie thy Name for ever and for ever.

The

The sinners Poverty.

MEDITAT. 13.

WHerein doth this my naturall *State* excell a beast? In what one thing? Am I not worse? Their outward senses are more perfect, my inward senses are lesse pure. Their naturall *Instinct* desires good, and choo- ses it; but my perverted *Will* sees good, and yet declines it. They eat, being satisfied with *moderation*; perchance I want, or surfeit. They sleep secure from fears and cares, when I am kept awake with both. They cry to hea- ven, and are fed by *Providence*; I trusting to my self, want through my *Improvvidence*. The worthlesse *Sparrows* are lodg'd in their downy feathers; the silly *Sheep* reposed in their warm fleeces; but I have nothing to cover my nakednesse, nothing to hide my shame. Naked I was born into the world, and have nothing in the world which I may call mine own; or if I have, it is lost with the desire of having. I look into my *soul*, and can find nothing there, but the absence of what I had, or the defect of what I want, I pry into my *Understanding*, and there I find nothing but *darknesse*: I search into my *Will*, and there I find nothing but *perversnesse*:

I

I examine my *affections*; and there I find nothing but *disorder*; I view my *disposition*, and there I find nothing but *distemper*: What I had, I have not, and what I want I cannot gain. If I have obtained any thing that is *good*, I quickly lose it, for want of knowledge how to prize it. If I find any good which I had lost, I keep it not, for want of *wisedome* how to use it. When I call my *conscience* to account, mine own soul is brib'd against me; and when I call my *course of life* to question, my frailties flatter me. If the sense of misery should force me to my forgotten prayers, I fault, and my distraction denies me *utterance*: Or if my hopefull thoughts permit my formal lips to recommend my griefs to heaven, my *guilt* despairs of *entrance*. Or if a flash of *zeal* should wing my prayers, and dart them up into the Almightyes cares, my unrepented sinnes forbids them *audience*. Heavens *gates* are lockt against me, and the *keyes* are lost by my neglect: My *sighs* want strength to shoot the lock, nor can my stronger *groans* enforce the portalls open.

CHear up, my soul, the *keyes* are in a faithfull hand, nor is the Keeper farre; Call him, and thou shalt hear him say, *Ask, and thou shalt have; seek, and thou shalt find; knock and it shall be opened to thee*, Luke 11.9.

Matth.

Matth. 7. 11.

If you being evil, know how to give good things unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven, give good things unto them that ask them?

John 11. 22.

But I know that even now whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it unto thee.

Matth. 21. 22.

All things whatsoever ye shall ask by prayer, believing ye shall receive.

James 1. 5.

If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask it of God that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him.

Bernard.

It is easier that Heaven and Earth should passe, then if thou seek God, not to find him; or then if thou ask, not to receive; or if thou knock, not to be opened unto.

Chryl. hom. 5. in epist. ad Rom.

In having nothing, I have all things, because I have Christ; having therefore all things in him, I seek no other reward, for he is the universall reward.

His

CANST thou, O my soul, wonder at thy wants, when thou wantest *Him* that is the onely supplier of all wants? The *beast* performs his duty, and (made for thy service) serves thee; and wanting food, in his own language craves it, and obtains it. The *Fowls* of the aire (being pinched with hunger) caroll forth their sweet *Hosannas*, and are filled, and then return Musically *Hallelujahs*. Canst thou, my soul, expect *supplies* like them, and use lesse means then they? Come, thou art worth many *Sparrows* (were not five sold for a farthing.) The blood of *Jesus* is thy *price*, and for his sake all things are thine. Shall *beasts* for their own sakes be supplied, and shalt thou in the *Name* of *Jesus* be denied? Can a *Mother* pity the trickling tears of her untied Infant, and can the God of *mercies* be obdure to thee? Art thou commanded to *ask*, *seek*, and *knock*, in vain? I, but my tongue is slow: Was not *Moses* the man of God so? When I *seek*, my *lust* diverts me, and I am lost: Is not the great *Spepherd* come to reduce his lost sheep? But alas, I *knock* at the *wrong* doore; fear not when thou knock'st with a *right* heart; He that is every where will be found; He that made the eare will heare thee.

His

O God, that art the perfection of all good, and the giver of all good things, that better knowest what to give, then I to ask, and with-holdest no good thing from him that seeks thee with an upright heart. I a poore suiter at thy Throne of Grace, being truly sensible of mine own defects, and time-rously conscious of my evil deserts, do here even cast my self on thy gracious providence. And since, O Lord, thou hast commanded me to ask of thee the things I want, bow down thine eare, and heare the Prayers, which a poore sinner emboldned by thy promise, presents before thee; by whose free favour I have received whatsoever I have obtained, and by mine own folly lost whatsoever I have received. Give me a cleare sight of my own poverty; shew me the poverty of mine own relief, that so I may forsake the broken reed of mine own power, and strengthen my weaknesse in the comfort of thy promise. Lord, thou hast commanded me to ask, but my finnes cry lowder they my suits. Thou hast commanded me to seek, but mine own guilt leads me the wrong way: Thou hast commanded me to knock, but Satan holds my hands. Lord, let the Bloud of my blessed Saviour stop the mouth of my crying finnes: Let his full satisfaction take
away

away my guilt : Bind him in chains that captivates my power : Teach me to ask, that hast commanded me to ask : Thou that hast commanded me to seek, direct me, and let my knocking be guided by thy hand : Give me knowledge, that I may ask what I should ; Grant me prudence, that I may seek where I should : Give me providence, that I may knock when I should : Let not my faintnesse in asking teach thee to deny : Let not my foolishnesse in seeking tempt me to desist : Let not my unseasonablenesse in knocking strike me with despair : Give me a fervent Faith, that I may ask with confidence ; a constant hope, that I may seek with courage ; an unwearied patience, that I may knock with constancie : Let me ask like the importunate woman, till I obtain thee : Let me seek like thy blessed Mother, till I find thee : Let me knock like the sinfull Publican, till thou open to me, that having found thee here by grace in the company of Saints, I may live with thee in glory, with the Society of Angels.

The Faithfull Mans Fear.

MEDITAT. 14.

DO *this and live* : Some comfort yet remains ; though *life* be not absolutely granted, yet *death* is but conditionally threatened, *Do this and live*. But what is the *work* that may deserve such *wages* ? Give perfect *obedience* to thy God, and perfect *love* to thy Neighbour. But will not the utmost of my power do ? Will not the best of my endeavour serve ? No, he that's perfect made thee perfect, and requires a *perfection*. Alas , if life depend upon such terms , what flesh can live ? Thy inability for the *work*, prophesies the impossibility of the *reward*. My soul, thou art become a legall debtor, and the utmost *farthing* is expected : Thou canst neither pay the *debt*, nor hide thee from thy Creditour : What wilt thou do ? Wilt thou plead *immunity* ? Thy own hand will condemn thee. Wilt thou plead *payment* ? Thy own *poverty* will implead thee. Wilt thou plead *Mercy* ! Thy own rebellion will dismay thee. My soul, what *security* wilt thou put in ? Or to what *Sanctuary* wilt thou flee ? O flatter not thy self, and put not the *evil day* from thee. Thou hast not onely
not

not done what thou shouldest, but thou hast done what thou shouldest not. Thou hast sinned against thy *Creation*, by dis-obeying thy Creatour: Thou hast sinned against thy redemption, by crucity ag thy Redeemer: Thou hast sinned against thy sanctification, by quenching of the Spirit: Thou hast sinned against Gods judgements, by thy presumption: Thou hast sinned against his mercies, by thy despaire: Thou hast sinned against thy conscience, by thy rebellion: Thou hast sinned against Providence by thy distrust. Every day brings in an Inventory of thy sinnes, and every sinne brings in a Faggot to thy execution. O my soul, behold the misery of thy estate, and tremble; behold the Mercies of thy God, and wonder: Tremble, for he is a God to punish thine iniquities; Wonder, for he is become a Man to bear thy iniquities: Tremble, for thou art not able to do his Commands; Wonder, for he is willing to accept what thou canst do. Will not the frailty of thy flesh permit thee to *do*? let the faithfulness of thy heart encline thee to *desire*: *Do* what thou canst, and *believe* what thou canst not.

CHear up my sad soul, for he that hath considered the frailty of thy hands hath freely accepted the faithfulness of thy heart; who saith, *Be thou faithfull unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life, Rev. 2. 10.* . . . *Matth.*

Match. 25. 21.

Well done good and faithfull servant, thou hast been faithfull over a few things, I will make thee Ruler over many things: Enter into the joy of thy Lord.

Gal. 3. 9.

So then, they that be of faith, are blessed with the faithfull Abraham.

2. Tim. 4. 8.

Henceforth there is laid up for me a Crown of Righteousnesse, which the Lord, the righteous Judge shall give me at that day.

James 1. 12.

Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he is tryed he shall receive the Crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him.

Bernard.

O ouely safe fight, which for and with Christ is undertaken; in which the Christian Souldier neither wounded, nor overthrown, nor trodden under foot, no nor slain can lose the victory, if he manfully stand to it, and do not betake himself to a shamefull flight.

Aug. in Senten.

Whatsoever rageth against the Name of Christ is tollerable if it may be overcome; and if it cannot, it hastneth the receiving of our glorious reward; for the faithfull man in the end of his temporall evils, passeth into the fruition of his eternall good.

*F**His*

STand not, O my soul, upon the *legges* of a Sinner, but flie into the *Arms* of thy Saviour, and what thou canst not purchase by thy endeavour, endeavour to believe: Acknowledge thou thy *debt*, and thy Jesus will justify the payment: Trust not in thy self, lest thou be deceived by thy self: Dost thou, O my soul, desire faith? *Renounce* thy self. Wouldst thou preserve thy faith? Condemn thy self: The way to faith is *from* thy self: Is thy soul *dark*? Faith *enlightens* it: Is the gate of Heaven shut? Faith *unlocks* it: Is that way *dangerous*? Faith *secures* it: Is thy heart timorous? Faith *emboldens* it: Is death terrible? Faith *conquers* it: Is the Crown of life difficult? faith obtains it: *Be thou faithfull unto death, and I will give thee the Crown of life*: Fear not thy weakness, O my soul, it shall not be to thee according to thy works, but faith: If thy good works cannot save thee before *faith*, then evil works cannot damn thee after *Repentance*. As he that crowns thy good works, crowns his own gifts, so he that pardons thy evil works, magnifies his own *mercy*. Cast anchor here my soul, and if the waves of thy *corruptions* overwhelm thee, pump them out by true *Repentance*.

MOst glorious God, in respect of whom the very Angels are impure; before whom the Cherubims do vail their blushing faces, I the wretched off-spring of presumptuous flesh and blood fall down before the footstool of thy gracious presence, and humbly present thee with my sinnefull prayers: If thou should'st weigh my actions with thy righteous ballance, or try me with the touchstone of thy sacred Laws, the vials of thy wrath would poure upon me, and thy justice would be magnified in my confusion. But Lord, thou delightest not in the death of a sinner, nor takest pleasure in the destruction of thy creature. Lord thy Commandments are most just, and my performance is most imperfect; the best of all my works deserve not the least of all thy mercies; and the purest of all my actions, nay my very prayers are sinne. I have sinned against my Creation, and yet, Lord, thou hast redeemed me: I have sinned against my Redemption, and yet, O God, thou hast in some measure sanctified me; I have sinned against my sanctification, and yet, O God, thou hast not forsaken me: I have sinned against the continuance of thy Mercie, yet hast thou not confounded me: The whole practise of my life is nothing but Rebellion, and the imaginations of my heart are evil and that continually:

wherefore I wholly renounce my self O God, and utterly disclaim the works of mine own hands : In thy goodnesse, O Lord, I build my confidence, and in thy mercy I seek for refuge: Grant me the power to do what thou commandest, and then command me what thou pleasest: Crucifie the flesh within me, and deliver my soul from the spirit of bondage : Free me, O Lord, from the oldnesse of the letter, that I may setve thee hereafter in the newnesse of the spirit : Let the Rebellions of old *Adam* be lost in thy Remembrance, and let the obedience of the new Adam be ever in thy sight: Purge from my heart the dregs of unbelief, and kindle in my soul the fire of devotion : Quick- en my spirit with a lively faith; Lord, I believe, Lord, help my unbelief, that so being faithfull to the death, according to thy command, I may receive the Crown of life according to thy promise.

The fearfull mans Conflict.

MEDITAT. 15.

HOW potent are the infirmities of flesh and bloud ! How weak is *Natures* strength ! How strong her weaknesse ! How is my easie *fath* abus'd by my deceitfull sense ! How is my *Understanding* blinded with deluding *Error* ! How is my *Will* perverted with apparent *good* ! If reall good present it self, how purblinde is mine *eye* to view it ! if viewd, how dull is my *understanding* to apprehend it ! if apprehended, how heartlesse is my *judgement* to allow it ! if allowed, how unwilling is my *will* to choose it ! if chosen, how fickle are my *resolutions* to retain it ! No sooner are my resolutions fixt upon a courtesie of *Grace*, but *Nature* checks at my *Resolves*; no sooner checks, but straight my *will* repents her choice, my *judgement* recalls her *sentence*, my *understanding* mistrusts her *light*; and then my *Sense* calls *Flesh* and *Bloud* to counsell, which wants no *arguments* to break me off. The difficulty of the *Journey* daunts me; the straitnesse of the *Gate* dismayes me; the doubt of the *Reward* diverts me; the *losse* of worldly pleasure here deterres me; the *losse* of earthly honour there dissuades me; here the strictnesse of *Re-*

Ignis damps me, there the worlds contempt disheartens me; here the fear of my *preferment* discourages me: Thus is my yielding sense assaulted with my conquering *doubts*: Thus are my militant *hopes* made captive to my prevailing *fears*: whence if happily ransomed by some good *motion*, the Devil presents me with a beadroll of my *Offences*: The flesh suggests the necessity of my sinne, the world objects the foulness of my shame; where, if I plead the mercy & goodnesse of my God, the *abuse* of his mercy weakens my trust, the *slighting* of his goodnesse hardens my heart against my hopes. With what an *host* of enemies art thou besieged, my soul! How, how art thou beleaguered with continuall fears! How doth the guilt of thy *unworthinesse* cry down the hopes of all *compassion*! Thy confidence of mercy is conquered by the conscioufnesse of thy own demerits, and thou art taken prisoner, and bound in the horrid chains of sad despair.

BUT chear up, my soul, and turn thy fears to wonder and thanksgiving; trust in him that faith, *Fear not little flock, for it is your fathers good pleasure to give you a kingdome*. Luke 12. 32.

Col. 1. 13.

He hath delivered us from the power of darknesse, and translated us into the kingdome of his dear Sonne.

Acts 14. 22.

Exhort them to continue in the faith, and that we must through many tribulations enter into the kingdome of God.

James 2. 5.

Hath not God chosen the poore of this world, that they should be rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdome which he promised to them that love him?

Luke 22. 29.

I appoint you a kingdome, as my Father appointed to me.

August.

Though we labour in a boisterous sea, yet thou, Lord, art our Pilot, and steereſt our courſe between Scylla and Charybdis; ſo that both dangers eſcaped, we ſhall at length arrive at our Port ſecure.

Macar.

Let us ſuffer with thoſe that ſuffer, and be crucified with thoſe that are crucified, that we may be glorified with thoſe that are glorified.

Hieron.

Miſerable is his felicity, who was never thought worthy to wreſtle with miſeries, by which contention honour is obtained.

HAst thou crucified the Lord of *Glory*, O my soul, and hast thou so much boldnesse to expect his *Kingdoms*? Consult with *Reason*, and review thy *Merits*; which done, behold that *Jesus* whom thou crucifiedst even making *Intercession* for thee, and offering thee a *Crown* of *Glory*. Behold the *greatnesse* of thy Creatour vaild with the *goodnesse* of thy Redeemer; the justice of a *first* person qualified by the mercy of a *second*; the purity of the *Divine* nature uniting it self with the *Humane* in one *Emmanuel*; a perfect *Man* to suffer, a perfect *God* to pardon; and both *God* and *Man* in one *person*, at the *same* instant, able and willing to *give*, and *take* a perfect *satisfaction* for thee. O my soul, a *wonder* above wonders! an *incomprehensibility* above all admiration! a *depth* past finding out! Under this shadow, O my soul, refresh thy self: If thy finnes fear the hand of justice, behold thy *Sanctuary*: If thy offences tremble before the Judge, behold thy *Advocate*: If thy creditour threaten a prison, behold thy bail: Behold the *Lamb* of *God* that hath taken thy finnes from thee: Behold the *blessed* of heaven and earth that hath prepared a *Kingdome* for thee. Be ravisht, O my soul; O blesse the name of *Elohim*; O blesse the name of our *Emmanuel*, with praises and eternall *Hallelujahs*.

His

GREAT Shepherd of my soul, whose life was not too dear to rescue me, the meanest of thy little flock; cast down thy gracious eye upon the weaknesse of my nature, and behold it in the strength of thy compassion: open mine eyes that I may see that object which flesh cannot behold. Enlighten mine understanding, that I may clearly discern that Truth which my ignorance cannot apprehend: Rectifie my judgement, that I may confidently resolve those doubts, which my understanding cannot determine: Sanctifie my will, that I may wisely choose that good, which my deceived heart cannot desire: Fortifie my resolution, that I may constantly embrace that choice which my inconstancie cannot hold: Weaken the strength of my corrupted nature, that I may struggle with my lusts, and strive against the base rebellions of my flesh. Strengthen the weaknesse of my dejected spirit, that I may conquer myself, and still withstand the assaults of mine own corruption: Moderate my delight in the things of this world, and keep my desires within the limits of thy will: Let the point of my thoughts be directed to thee, and let my hopes rest in the assurance of thy favour: Let not the fear of worldly losse dismay me, nor let the losse of the worlds

favour daunt me: Let my joy in thee exceed all worldly grief, and let the love of thee expell all carnall fear: Let the multitudes of my offences be hid in the multitude of thy compassions, and let the reprochfulnesse of that death which thy sonne suffered for my sake, enable me to suffer all reproch for his sake: Let not my sinne against thy mercies, remove thy mercies from my sinne; and let the necessity of my offences be swallowed up in the all-sufficiency of his merits: Let not the foulness of my transgressions lead me to distrust, nor let the distrust of thy pardon leave me in despair. Fix in my heart a filiall love, that I may love thee as a father, and remove all servile fear from me, that thou mayst behold me as a sonne. Be thou my all in all, and let me fear nothing but to displease thee: That being freed from the fear of thy wrath, I may live in the comfort of thy promise, die in the fulnesse of thy favour, and rise to the inheritance of an everlasting kingdome.

The plague-affrighted Mans danger.

MEDITAT. 16.

HOW is the *language* of death heard in every street, which by continuall *Passing-bells* proclaims mortality in every care! How many, at this instant lie groning in their sick beds, and mark'd for death, whilst others that lived yesterday are now laid out for evening buriall! How many that are now strong, and healthfull, and laying up for many years, are destined for the enlargement of the next weeks Bill! How many are now preparing to secure their lives by flight, who whilst they runne from the *tyranny* of their fears, flie into the very bosome of danger! What *aire*? what *diet*? what *antidote* can promise safety? What shield can guard the angry Angels blow? What Rhetorick can perswade the heaven-commanded Messenger to stoke the fury of his resolute arm? It is an *arrow* that flies by day; yet who can see it? It is a *terror* that strikes by night; and who can escape it? It is the Pestilence that walketh in darknesse; and who can shun it? The strength of *youth* is no priviledge against it: The soundnesse of a *constitution* is no exemption from it: The sovereignty

vergency of *drugs* cannot resist it: Where it lifts, it wounds; and whom it wounds, it kills. It is Gods artillery, and like himself, respects no persons. The rich mans *coffers* cannot bribe it: The skilfull *artist* cannot prescribe against it: The black *Magician* cannot charm it. My soul, into what a calamity art thou plung'd! With what an *enemy* art thou beleaguered! What opposition canst thou make? what *Auxiliaries* canst thou call in? How many sad *copies* of thy destruction are daily set before thee? How continually is thy death acted by others to thee? What comfort hast thou in that life, which every minute threatens? What pleasure tak'st thou in that breath, which draws & whiffs perpetuall fears? What art thou other but a man condemn'd, expecting execution? And how is the bitterness of thy death multiplied by the quality of thy fears? Were it a sicknesse, whose distraction took not away thy means of preparation, it were an easie *calamity*; were it a sicknesse, whose contagion dissolv'd not the comfortable bands of sweet society it were but half a misery; But as it is, sudden, solitary, incurable, what so terrible? what so comfortlesse?

Sink not beneath thy fears, my soul; Thy deliverance is Gods *royalty*. & under his wings is thy salvation; in the midst of danger no danger shall befall thee, *Neither shall the plague come nigh thy dwelling*, Psal. 91. 10. His

Psal. 91. 1, 3, 4, 5.

Whoso dwelleth in the secret of the most High, shall abide in the shadow of the Almighty: Surely he will deliver thee from the snare of the hunter, and from the noysome pestilence; He will cover thee under his wings, and thou shalt be sure under his feathers: His truth shall be thy shield and thy buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid of the arrow that flieth by day, nor of the plague that destroyeth at noon day. A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come near thee.

Gisten. in cap. 2. Cant. Expos.

O happy sicknesse, where the infirmity is not to death, but to life, that God may be glorified by it! O happy fever, that proceedeth not from a consuming, but a calcining fire! O happy distemper, wherein the soul relishest no earthly things, but onely favoureth divine nourishment!

Greg. in Pastoral.

O wisdome, with how sweet an Art doth thy wine and oyl restore health to my healthlesse soul! How powerfully mercifull how mercifully powerfull art thou! powerfull for me, mercifull to me.

His

ANd can the noyse of death, O my soul, so fright thee in the street, and the *cause* of death not move thee in thy bosome? Shall *passing-bells* tolling for dying men afflict thee, and not the judgements of the living God affright thee? Shall the weekly *Bills* of a silly Parish-clark more move thee, then the sacred *Oracles* of a holy Minister? Shall the *Plague* inflicted upon others, more startle thee, then many *plagues* denounced upon thy self? Be wise, my soul, avoid the *Cause*, and thou shalt prevent the effect; Be afraid of *sinne*, and thou needest not fear the punishment. Fearest thou the infection? Flie from it: But whither? Under the wings of the Almighty: But thy sinnes deny protection there: Then nail them to thy Saviours *Crosse*: Fearest thou yet? O my soul, hast thou so long, hast thou so long subsisted under thine own *protection*, and darest thou not venture under his! Can there be a Sanctuary more secure? A Protection more safe? Fearest thou death under the *wings* of the God of life? Or danger, under the *shadow* of the Almighty? But the suddenesse of that death denies preparation: His wings continually prepare thee. It banishes all my friends, and in them my comfort: When thou hast God to thy friend, what comfort canst thou want that may be found by Prayer.

Lord, in whose hand are the keyes of life and death, in whom I live, move, and have my being, graciously incline thy tender care, & mercifully hear the supplications of thy servant who hath no hope but in thy goodnesse, and no comfort but in thy promises. My hainous sins, O God, have provoked thy heavy indignation, and I am humbly sensible of thy sore displeasure: Thy judgements are come abroad amongst us, and the vials of thy consuming wrath are poured out upon us: The sinnes of our Nation have cried to thee for vengeance, and thou hast visited us with great mortality: Thy people are poured out like water, and our land is become a land of mourning. Turn us, O Lord, that we may be turned, and magnifie thy mercy in our deliverance. Accept the sorrow and contrition of thy servants, and say unto thine Angel, It is enough. Be thou my refuge, and my fortresse, O God, and give me confidence to repose under the shadow of the Almighty. Cover me, O Lord, with the feathers of thy wings, & let thy truth be my buckler and my shield. Defend me from the Pestilence that walketh in darknesse: Deliver me from destruction that wasteth at noon day. Give thy Angels charge over me, to protect and guide me in all thy wayes. Prepare me, O Lord, against the houre of death, and
strength-

strengthen my soul in the assurance of thy Mercy ; Humble my heart with the true sense of my transgressions , and work in my soul an unfeined repentance : Enlarge mine eyes that I may weep day and night , for grieving and offending so gracious a Father : Wean me from the trust of all transitory things ; and let the worlds vanity daily die in me. Take from me the immoderate fear of death, and train me, O God, for the day of my dissolution : Instruct and rectifie my vain desires, that all my wishes may stand with thy will. In life be thou my Governour, in death be thou my comfort, that living or dying I may be thine : Teach me by thy judgements to hate sinne, and let thy mercies breed in me a filiall love: Be gracious to those whom thou hast mark'd for death, and seal in their hearts the assurance of thy favour, that being members of one body, we may rejoyce in one head; that having numbered our dayes in wisdom, we may be numbered with thy Saints in glory everlasting.

The persecuted mans misery.

MEDITAT. 17.

ARe these the *gains* of godlinesse? Are these the *wages* of a holy life? Hath the ungratefull world no other thanks for him that honours his *Creator*, but *scorn*, *contempt*, and *persecution*? Whil'st I priz'd the world, I wanted nothing that the world calls *good*; neglected *honour* followed me; unsought for *pleasure* covered me; unpurchased *fortunes* fell upon me: I could not wish that *happinesse* I had not: I could not want the *happinesse* earth had: Nothing was too *dear*: Nothing was too *precious*. Thus whil'st I priz'd the world, the world priz'd me: If I were sad, her mirthfull *smiles* would chear me: If sick, her mournfull *sonnes* would visit me: If weary, her wanton *lap* would dandle me; where rockt into a *slumber*, I dreamt, all this was but a *dream*; and waking, found it so: Not willing to be fed with *shadows*, I changed my thoughts, and my affections altered; and finding earth too *strait* for my desires, I cast mine eye to heaven, and after many conflicts betwixt my *members* and my *mind*, even there I fixt. The jealous earth grew angry, frownd, and called me fool; withdrew her *honours*, with-held her

G

pleasures,

pleasures, recalled her *favours*; and now I live despised, contemned, and poore. O sad condition of *mankind*! How plausible are his wayes to *death*! and how unpleasant are his paths to *life*! No sooner had I made a *Covenant* with my God, but the world made a *Covenant* against me, scandall'd my *name*, flandred my *actions*, derided my *simplicity*, despised my *integrity*: for my *Professions* sake I have been reproached, and the *Reproaches* of the world have fallen upon me: If I chastened my soul with *fasting*, it stil'd me with the name of *Hypocrite*: If I reprove the *vanity* of the times, it derides me with the stile of *Puritane*: I am become a *stranger* to my brethren, and an *Alien* to my mothers sonne: I go mourning all the day long, and my bosome friends are estranged from me: They afflict my body with open *punishment*, and make a *pastime* of my affliction. They that sit in the Gate speak evil of me, & Drunkards make their Songs against me.

But be not thou dismayd, my soul, nor let the arm of flesh discourage thee: Thy *Persecutions* here, are nothing but the prophecies of a *Paradise* hereafter: He that is born of the flesh, inherits the *Pleasures* of the world; But thou that art born of the Spirit, hear what the Spirit saith, *Blessed are they that are persecuted for my name sake, for theirs is the Kingdome of heaven*, Matth. 5. 10.

Hus

Luke 6. 22.

Blessed are ye when men shall hate you, and separate themselves from you, and shall revile you, and cast out your name as evil, for the Sonne of mans sake.

1. Pet. 3. 14.

If ye suffer for Righteousnesse sake, happy are ye, and be not afraid of their terrour, neither be ye troubled.

Matth. 10. 22.

Ye shall be hated of all men for my sake, but he that shall endure unto the end shall be saved.

Matth. 19. 29.

Everyone that forsaketh lands, or brother, or sister, or father, or mother, for my sake, shall receive an hundred fold, and shall inherit eternal life.

Chrysost.

We are afflicted by God, that our reward and crown may hereby be encreased; and as much as he addeth to our tribulation, so much and more will he adde to our retribution.

Greg. Nyss. de prov.

Our life is a warfare, and this world a place of masteries, wherein the greatest Garlands are allotted to them who sustain the greatest labours; for by the smart of our stripes is augmented the glory of our reward.

HE that shall weigh the *gain* of Godlinesse by the *Scales* of the world; or the pleasures of the earth by the *Ballances* of the Sanctuary, shall upon a review, find a bad *Market*. Thinkst thou, my soul, to be made happy by the *smiles* of earth? or unhappy by her *frowns*? When she fawns upon thee, she deludes thee; when she kisses thee, she betrayes thee: She brings the *Butter* in a Lordly dish, and bears a *hammer* in her deadly hand; Trust not her *flattery*, O my soul, nor let her *malice* move thee: Her Musick is thy *Magick*: Her sweetness is thy *snare*. She is the *high-way* to eternall death; If thou *love* her, thou hast begun thy journey; If thou *honour* her, thou mendst thy pace; If thou *obey* her, thou art at thy journeys end: When she distasts thee, *Christ* relishes in thee; when she *afflicts* thee, God *instructs* thee: When she locks her *Gates* against thee, heaven *opens* for thee; when she *disdains* thee, God *honours* thee; when she *for-sakes* thee, he owns thee; when she *persecutes* thee, he crowns thee. Why art thou then disquieted my soul, and why is thy spirit troubled within thee; trust thou in him by *Faith*: If thou want comfort, flie to him by *Prayer*.

THou therefore, O most blessed and glorious Spirit, in whose eyes the Saints are precious, who puttest all their tears into thy Bottle, and in the midst of all their sorrows sendest comfort to thy Elect, behold my sufferings, and regard my sorrows; Let not thine enemies triumph and make a scorn of him that fears thee: Strengthen me, O God, to maintain thy Cause, lest they that persecute me, think there is no God: Thou knowest my reproach and shame, and how they buffet me all the day long. Arise, O God, and plead thy cause, and let them know that thou art God. Make me to hear the voice of joy and gladness, that the bones which they have broken may rejoyce. Let not the wicked have power over me, but graciously deliver me for the glory of thy name. Remove this bitter cup of affliction from me: But not my will, but thine be done. Give me patience to endure till thou art pleased to release me, and courage to bear what thy wisdom shall permit: Let not the vanities of the world deceive me, nor the corruptions of my flesh disturb me: Let not the suggestions of Sathan deter me, nor the threatening of man divert me. Preserve my footsteps in the wayes of thy Truth, and keep me truly constant to the end: In all my afflictions keep me from murmuring, and let thy Grace be sufficient

ficient for me. Season my heart with the sense of thy love, and strengthen my Faith in all my Trialls: Give me an inward thankfulnesse O God, that thou hast made me worthy to suffer for thy Name. Convert my enemies, if they belong to thee: Be mercifull to them that hate me, and do good to those that persecute me. Open their eyes, that they may see thy Truth, and turn their hearts, that they may fear thy Name: In all my tribulations be not thou farre from me, and sanctifie my great afflictions to me: Lord in the multitude of thy mercies hear me, and in the truth of thy salvation help me; that I confessing thee here before the children of men with undaunted resolution, I may be enroll'd in the Kingdome of Grace, by thy goodnesse, and hereafter reigne in the Kingdome of Glory in thy eternity.

The sinners accompt.

MEDITAT. 18.

HOW I can flatter my own *destruction*, and with the common stream of frail mortality runne into the *dead sea* of everlasting death! How soundly I can sleep in the wanton lap of treacherous *Security*, untill I wake disarmd of all my *strength*, and turn a prey to that false *Philistine* that seeks my soul! When I call to mind the *course* that I have runne, and set to view the *steps* that I have trod, how easily can I excuse my failings, and set them on the score of miserable *Adam*! But when I seriously consider whose *law* I have offended, and strictly examine my *actions* by that Law, and justly proportion my punishment to those actions; O then I stand and tremble, and am swallowed up with *despair*: O then my finnes appear too great for *pardon*, and my punishment too great for *patience*. Which way soever I turn, I turn to my disquiet: Look where I will; I view my own discomfort: Look up, I see a dreadfull *God*: Look down, I see a direfull *Devil*: Look forwards, I see a *Roll* of finnes: Look backwards, I see a roaring *Conscience*: Look on my right hand, I see my bold *Presumption*: Look on my left hand,

hand, I see my base *despair*: Look within me, I see nothing but *Corruption*: Look about me, I see nothing but *Confusion*. I have sinned upon *ignorance*, ignorance will not excuse me: I have sinned upon *weaknesse*, weaknesse will not plead for me: I have sinned against my *conscience*, my conscience will accuse me: I have sinned against the *Law*, the Law condemns me. What canst thou say, my soul, that *Sentence of Death* should not be given against thee? Can the *voice* of thy sorrow be the *language* of thy sinne? Can the *tears* of thine eye scoure the *stains* of thy soul? Can the *sighs* of a finite Creature satisfie for the *offences* against an infinite Creatour? Or art thou able to endure the punishments of *Eternity*? He that made thee without thee, will not save thee without thee; and what canst thou do towards thy own salvation?

PROstrate thy self, my soul: Behold thy *miserie*, and bewail thy self; renounce thy self, abhorre thy self, flie to the Horns of the *Altar*, and call for the Promise of mercy, in which thou maist find comfort. *If the wicked shall turn from all his finnes that he hath committed, and keep all my statutes, and do that which is lawfull and right, he shall surely live, he shall not die, Ezek. 18. 21.*

His

Acts 3. 19.

Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sinnes may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord.

2. Pet. 3. 9.

The Lord is long-suffering toward us, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.

Ezek. 33. 11.

As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that thou turne from his way, and live: Turn ye, turne ye from your evil wayes, for why will ye die, O house of Israel.

August.

Lord, though I have done that for which thou mightest justly damne me yet thou canst not lose that whereby thou mayst save me: Thou wilt not sweet Jesus so much remember thy justice against the sinner, as thy benignity towards thy creature: Thou canst forget the insolence of the provoker, & wilt in mercy behold the misery of the invoker; for what is Jesus but a Saviour?

Anselm.

My sins plead against me but my Saviour is my Advocate: it is much that my rebellions have deserved but it is more that my Redeemer hath merited: so that though my flesh hath provoked thee to vengeance; yet the flesh of Christ can move thee to mercy.

His

AN humble *Confidence* is the Mean betwixt the two *Extreams*, *Presumption* and *Despair*: That usurps Gods *mercy* upon false grounds; This excludes it, and all means to it: The first takes away the sense of sinne, the last blocks up the way to pardon: Take heed, O my dejected soul; Plunge not thy self in that sad gulph, lest (wanting bottom) thou sink for ever; Swim not without bladders, lest thou tire. Having fastened one eye upon the ugliness of thy sinne, fix the other upon the merits of a Saviour; so when thou discoverest the disease, thy disease will discover a *remedy*. When the *fiery* Serpent hath stung thee, the *brazen* Serpent must heal thee: Nothing, O my soul, makes thy sinne too great for mercy, but *despair*; this onely excludes *Repentance*, and *Impenitence* alone makes thee incapable of *Pardon*. He that hath promised forgiveness at thy *Repentance*, hath not promised repentance at thy pleasure. Hasten therefore, O my soul, and reconcile thee to thy God *to day*, lest it should prove too late *to morrow*. Turn thy hand from thy *present* sinne, and God will turn his eyes from thy *past* sinne: Cry aloud, and spare not, lest thy sinne cry aloud, and he spare not: Let thy *Confession* find a tongue, and his *Compassion* will find an ear.

His

O God, that art in thy self most glorious, but in thy Sonne most gracious; to the rebellious, terrible; but to the penitent, mercifull: I the work of thine own hands, but wholly disfran'd by mine own corruptions, humbly prostrate my sinfull self before the footstool of thy Mercie-seat, totally miserable through my finnes, but truly penitent for my offences. Lord, ~~if thou shouldst proceed~~ against me in thy justice, my portion would be no lesse then eternall death. But thy delight is rather to extend thy mercy in the conversion of a soul, then exercise thy justice in the confusion of a Sinner: Bow down therefore thy gracious eare to a poore wretch that stands trembling before the barre of thy Justice, and from thence presumes to appeal to the seat of thy mercy; I know, O God, mine iniquities are greater then my knowledge, but yet thy mercy is greater then mine iniquities: I know moreover that thou art most just, but in shewing mercy thy Justice will be no loser: Lord, I am miserable, therefore a fit object for thy mercy; Lord, I am penitent, and therefore a proper subject for thy pity; for I know thou art a gracious God, of long sufferance, and slow to anger, else had I now been roaring under thy justice, that am here suing for thy mercy. Lord, I acknowledge my transgressi-

gressions, and my sinne is ever before me; the number of them is innumerable, and the burthen of them is intolerable; I have sinned against a just God, I have sinned against a gracious Father; I therefore shie from thee as a sharp revenger, and to thee as a sweet Redeemer. Remember not thy justice towards a Sinner, but think upon thy benignity toward thy creature. Have respect to what thy Sonne hath done for me, and forget what my finnes have done against me: Wash my guiltinesse in his blood, and in the multitude of thy compassions behold the multitude of my transgressions. Pardon what is past, and arm me for the time to come, that being purged from my finnes, and cleansed from my offences, I may be clothed here with the robes of grace, and crowned hereafter with a crown of glory.

The sinners Thirst.

MEDITAT. 19.

LO, I that like the *Prodigall* had once the freedome of my Fathers *Table*, could now be satisfied with the *crumbs* beneath it : I that could clothe me with change of garments from my Fathers *Ward-robe*, could now be thankful but for *rags* to hide my nakednesse : I that forsook him like a disobedient sonne, would hold it now a happinesse to be his meanest *servant*. What shall I do ? Or whether shall I go ? By whose charity shall I subsist ? My weaknesse will not give me leave to work ; My *unworthinesse* will not suffer me to appear, nor have I a friend to help me. I that have renounced my *Father*, have made my self no *sonne* ; and being no sonne, how dare my boldnesse call him *Father* ? I have offended him, and who shall reconcile us ? I have grieved him, and who shall make my peace ? I have forsaken him, and who shall restore me to him ? Can I expect a *Blessing* from him I have offended ? Can I presume of *favour* from him I have so grieved ? Can I deserve a *Birth-right* from him I have forsaken ? O my soul, how ! how hast thou beslaved thy self, and lost that freedome, without the enjoyment where-

whereof thou art utterly lost? Thou hast lost that Father that was wont to *blesse* thee: Thou hast left that Lord that was pleased to *govern* thee: Thou hast renounc'd that Saviour that *redeem'd* thee; and onely hast reserv'd a God to punish thee, a Judge to *sentence* thee: Thou hast lost those blessings by thy contempt, which thou canst not regain with the price of thy *tears*: Thou hast quencht that spirit, whereby thou hadst the power to quench the fiery *darts* of Sathan: Thou hast diverted the current of that *Fountain*, whose water satisfied thy full desires: O my sad soul, how! how wert thou distempered, that couldst not relish that which nourish'd Angels into *immortality*? Why didst thou not inebriate thy self with that delicious *sweetnesse*, and ark it up like *Israels Manna*, to remain with thee and thy succeeding generations? O that mine eyes could teach those blessed *streams* to run, which my ungratefulness hath stopt! Or that my prayers could like *Elijahs* unlock the gates of Heaven, and bring down those celestially *showers* to slake my thirst! that I may drink my fill of that immortal *water*.

TAKE comfort, O my soul, thy God hath heard thy prayers, and crown'd them with this promise; *I will give to him that is a thirst, of the fountain of the water of life to drink freely,* Rev. 21. 6.

Matth.

Matth. 5. 6.

Blessed are they that hunger and thirst for Righteousnesse sake, for they shall be filled.

John 4. 14.

But whosoever drinketh of this water that I shall give him, shall never be more a thirst; but the water which I shall give him, shall be in him a water springing up into eternall life.

John 7. 37.

If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink; he that believeth in me, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water.

Rev. 22. 17.

Let him that is a thirst, and whosoever will let him take the water of life freely.

O fountain of life, & vein of living waters, when shall I leave this forsaken, impassible, and dry earth, and tast the waters of thy sweetnesse, that I may behold thy virtue, and thy glory. & slake my thirst with the streams of thy mercy? Lord, I thirst, thou art the spring of life, satisfie me: I thirst, Lord, I thirst after thee the living God, August. Soliloq. 35.

O precious water, which quencheth the noysome thirst of this world, that scoureth all the stains of sinners, that watereth the earth of our souls with heavenly showres, and bringeth back the thirsty heart of man to his onely God. Cyril. lib. 5. in Johan. cap. 10.

His

IT is lesse danger to want, then to be *unsensible* of thy wants : Dost thou want, my soul? desire: Dost thou desire? ask: Dost thou ask? thou shalt receive; and what thou shalt receive, shall satisfie thee. Be not troubled: If thy wants cast thee down, let thy desires raise thee up. Shall thy naturall wants be confident of supply from thy naturall father, and shall thy spirituall defects despair to be repaired by thy spirituall father? How dost thou injure *Providence*, O my distrustfull soul! How dost thou wrong the God of mercy! How slight the God of truth! He that heares the cry of *Ravens*, and feeds them with a gracious hand, will he be deaf to thee? He that robes the *lillies* of the field, that neither sue nor care to be apparelled, will he deny thee those graces he hath commanded thee to ask? Art thou hungry? he is the bread of life: Art thou thirsty? he is the water of life: Art thou naked? flie to him, and he will give thee the *righteousnesse* of his own Sonne. Build upon his *Promise*, who is Truth it self; Rely on his *Mercy* who is goodnesse it self. Art thou a *Prodigall*? yet remember thou art a *Sonne*: Is he offended? he will not forget he is a Father; Come therefore with a filiall boldnesse, and he will grant thy hearts desire.

His

O God that art the wel-spring of all Graces and the fountain of all Goodnesse, whose promises are faithfull, and whose word is truth, who hearest the sighing of a contrite heart, and healest the ruptures of an humble spirit, I here invited by thy mercies and thy gracious commands, prostrate my self before thee, and present unto thee the sad petitions of a pensive breast; I have sinned, O Lord, I have sinned against heaven, and against thee, and am no longer worthy to be called thy Sonne. I have cast off the yoke of my obedience, I have broken the bands of thy Covenant, and cast them farre from me; I have sinned against thy mercies, and have spurn'd against thy judgements; Thy judgements have neither terrified, nor thy mercies mollified me: But I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sinnes are ever before me. Remember not the frailties of my youth, O God, nor the follies of my elder dayes. Remember not how I have forgotten thee; Remember not how I have forsaken thee. Close thou thine eyes at my rebellion, and open thine ears at my repentance; Be mercifull, O God, at my contrition; A broken heart, O God, thou wilt not despise: Renew me according to the abundance of thy mercies, and restore me to the joy of thy salvation: Establish my heart in the love of thy truth, and increase in me a

H

Spirituell

Spirituell Thirst; Make me to understand the way of thy Preepts, and let thy Testimonies be my whole delight: As the Hart panteth after the water Brooks, so my soul longeth for the Wel-springs of Life: Lord thou hast promised to answer those that call unto thee, to be found by those that seek unto thee, and to satisfie those that thirst after thee. Make good thy word, O God, and hear my prayer; Make good thy promise, Lord, and be not farre from me: I have sought thee in thy promise, let me find thee in thy performance; I have thirsted for thy Grace, O fill me with thy goodnesse; Open thy Wel-springs that I may drink freely of the waters of life, that my soul being satisfied in the fulnesse of thy pleasures, my mouth may be filled with the sound of thy praises, that here magnifying thy Name in the Kingdome of Grace, I may reign with thee hereafter in the Kingdome of Glory.

The

The good mans Distrust.

MEDITAT. 20.

When I consider the *All-sufficiencie* of my God, I dare not question the performance of his *promises*; but when I behold the insufficiency of my self, I cannot but fear the promises of his *performance*. When I behold in Him the goodnesse of a *Father*, my heart grows confident, and I cannot fear; But when I find in me the disobedience of a *Sonne*, my soul grows conscions, and I dare not hope: When I dive into the depth of my own *miserie*, I search further, and find a greater depth of his *mercy*, and am secure: But when I find the freeness of his *mercy* requited with the wilfulness of my *Rebellion*; O then my soul despairs, and thus destroyes the *grounds* of all my comfort. He invites my laden soul to come, and offers *rest*. Alas, I come, and yet my laden soul can find no *ease*: He promises eternall life to my Belief, but yet he gives me not the power to believe: He bids me in his name propound my wants, with promise of supply; and yet I sue, and sue, and still I sue in vain: He promises a Comforter to strengthen my Remembrance; yet still my treacherous memory fails me: He promises to be a father to the fatherlesse; yet still my wants perswade me that I want a father: He promises audience in my

time of trouble ; and yet I call unheard, and mourn without redresse: He promises forgiveness to the true repentant; but who shall give me power to repent? He promises to gather me in mercy, though a while forsaken; yet I have long expected, with a frustrate expectation : He promises an exaltation to him that is humbled ; yet my dejected heart is still suppressed : He promised freedom from the second death, to him that conquers; I strive to overcome, yet feel a hell: His promise was to guard his Vineyard, and to dresse it; yet Foxes stroy it, and the wild Bore supplants it: He promised comfort to all those that mourn; and yet I mourn without a comforter: He promised, that the womans seed should break the Serpents head ; and yet the Serpent never was more strong: He bid me seek, and I should find; and yet alas I seek, but can find nothing but my wants: He calls them Blessed that suffer for his name; yet who more miserable? He promises the Springs of life to him that thirsts; & yet I thirst to death: My soul, what are his promises to thee, that art not able to perform those hard conditions that gives thee *interest* to those promises?

CHear up my soul, and what thou canst not do, endeavour; He that accepts the *will* for the *deed* is in his promise Yea and Amen, *Heaven and earth shall passe away, but not one tittle of my word*, Mark 13.31.

His

1. Kings 8. 56.

Blessed be the Lord, that hath given rest unto his people, according unto all that he hath promised. There hath not failed one word of all his good promises which he hath promised,

2. Cor. 1. 20.

For all the promises of God in him are yea, and in him amen.

Isa. 45. 23.

I have sworn by my self, the word is gone out of my mouth in righteousness, & shall not return.

2. Kings 10. 10.

Know then, that there shall fall to the ground nothing of the word of the Lord.

For ever, O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven. Psal. 119. 89.

Fear not, O Bride, nor despair; think not thy self contemned if thy Bridegroom withdraw his face a while. All things co-operate for the best; both from his absence & his presence thou gainest light. He cometh to thee, he goeth from thee; he cometh to make thee console; he goeth to make thee cautious; lest thy abundant consolation puff thee up: he cometh that thy languishing soul may be comforted; he goeth, lest his familiarity should be contemned; and being absent to be more desired; and being desired, to be more earnestly sought; and being long sought, to be more acceptably found, Autor Scalx Parad. tom. 9. Aug. c. 8.

H 3

His

Wilt thou never, O my distrustfull soul, submit thy will unto his will that made thee? Must his goodnesse be alwayes the *circumference* of thy desires, and thy pleasure still the *centre*? Is it not enough that *Yea* and *Amen* hath promised the *substance* of thy happiness, but must thou bind him to thy *circumstances*? Shall the power of an infinite *Creator* be confined to the pleasure of a finite *creature*? Stand not in thine own light my soul; the *Independance* of thy exorbitant desires, shuts the doore upon that *happiness* thou desirest: Art thou covetous of a *blessing* before thou art qualified to receive it? He that intends thee a *kingdome*, will first make thee capable of a kingdome: Thou that shalt be a *gainer* by his favour, shalt be no *loser* by his delay: Canst thou hope to be filled with the *water* of life, not first purg'd with the fire of affliction? How often hast thou murmured for that, which if enjoyed had been thy ruin? God hath promised, but hath delayed performance, to exercise thy *patience*. He hath decreed, but yet forbears, to rectifie thy *faith*. If *faith* be able to remove mountains, endeavour to remove thy infidelity. Endure, hope, believe; and he that comes will come, and will not tarry. O my soul, as nothing hinders the performance of his *promise*, but distrust, so nothing hastens the promise of his performance but thy prayer. *His*

O God, that art all-sufficient in thy self, all-gracious in thy Sonne, most absolute in thy purposes, and most faithfull in thy promises; I the miserable object of thy mercy, here humbly present my self before thee, the mercifull beholder of my misery: Lord, wherein have I to trust but in thy mercies? and whereupon have I to build but on thy promises? Every sinne is full of death, and every action is full of sinne, insomuch that my whole life is nothing but a continued rebellion against thee: But, O my God, thy goodnesse is like thy self, infinite; and thy mercy is past my comprehending. Thou knowest that I am evil, and wholly evil, and that continually: Thou knowest I am but dust and ashes, and the very off-spring of corruption, and thy glory is no lesse magnified in my confusion, then in my salvation: But Lord, thou art a gracious God, and takest no pleasure in the death of a distressed sinner. Thy mercy is over all thy works, and thy goodnesse is from generation to generation. When I was in open rebellion against thee, thou reconciledst thy self to me; when I was utterly lost, thou redeemedst me with the innocent blood of thy dear Sonne; and being redeemed, thou hast sanctified me with the freeness of thy Spirit: Thou hast raised me by thy power, and strengthened me by thy promises.

mis. What shall I return thee, O my God, for thy innumerable mercies ? or what kind of recompence can dust and ashes make thee ? My tongue shall sing the wonders of thy goodness, and praise thy Name for ever and ever. Continue, O Lord, thy mercies to me, and visit me according to thy wonted kindness: Give me a wise heart, that I may give respect unto all thy Commandments, and a full confidence in all thy promises : Quicken my hope in the expectation of thy performance, and give me patience till then to attend thy leisure ; Lord, where I cannot understand, O teach me to wonder: and what I cannot do, give me power to believe : Let not the apparition of mine own corruptions plunge me in despair, nor let the sense of thy indulgent love give me occasion to presume, that living here in the expectation of thy Truth, my hopes may be perfected to the glory of thy Name.

FINIS.

God,
d of
My
od-
ver.
vi-
rive
no
nce
the
me
ed,
to
v-
ne
et
i-
a-
d

D
Q 101
Q 102

133461

REPRODUCED FROM THE COPY IN THE
HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY

FOR REFERENCE ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION